



SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 14, No. 38. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 3, 1901.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 714
{ Per Annum (in advance), \$2. }

Things in General.

SMALLPOX, so much discussed just now, is a disease which has always been prevalent in this country since I can remember. In Quebec for many years the people refused to be vaccinated or have their children looked after, and almost every winter there was an epidemic of smallpox. The parents of large families who were also devout Roman Catholics used the text, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," and perhaps they were not unwilling to have some of their numerous progeny removed. At any rate, they had the same comfortable feeling with regard to smallpox as the majority of parents have in connection with measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, mumps, etc., and were glad when their children were immune from all these things because they had had them. If a child or two died it did not seem to be a heartbreaking matter, inasmuch as they had so many left. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago Ontario made it impossible for the Quebec authorities to permit this lax administration of sanitary laws, and when Quebec found itself boycotted by the other provinces both as to mail, passenger and freight interchange, it became a link in the chain of compulsory vaccination. Yet it was wonderful how slowly the conviction forced itself upon the French-Canadians that vaccination was not opposed to the will of God nor in the line of preventing disease. One splendid feature of French-Canadian character is that they do not try to prevent the birth of children, but in connection with smallpox there was the improper idea that they should not prevent the death of any of them by a disease which is frightfully contagious, disfiguring, and nauseous. Now that sanitary officers have got control of this sort of thing in Quebec, the other provinces are able to keep it in check.

I would much rather have smallpox than typhoid fever. The former disease is easily controllable if taken in the initiative stages, and disfigurement can be almost entirely avoided by the careful physician. Of course there is a type of smallpox which almost certainly means death, for the pustules make an almost solid scab all over the body, and in lifting this terrible formation the covering of the eyes is almost certain to cling to the nauseous growth which has encased the face. This cumulative form of the disease, however, is not usual, but occasionally attacks patients who do not prevent the uttermost condition by an early consultation with a doctor. I have personally had a great deal of contact with smallpox. Amongst the Indians, half-breeds and whites of New Mexico I was constantly in contact with this much-dreaded disease when it was estimated that from one and a half to two per cent. of the entire population died of it. With a rudimentary knowledge of medicine and the absolute necessity of mixing with people of all sorts, I came in contact with the disease in its most terrible forms, until I felt less fear of it than I did of "graybacks," for I found that body lice attacked the innocent traveller much more readily than anything else. I think smallpox is made too much of in these northern countries where people are much more apt to escape with their lives than they are in tropical or semi-tropical countries. The fear of the disease and the putridity of it both startle health officers into actions which are very commendable, but if the energy shown were devoted to the ordinary health it would give us a much lower death rate than civilized cities ought to show.

Rumors with regard to diseases of this kind are almost invariably exaggerated. I was in Bahia, Brazil, when it was reported that 250 a day were dying of smallpox. The city was a solemn sight, for rattletrap cabs and all kinds of wagons were conveying the sick and the dead to the hospitals or the burial places. I met the British consul, who refused to go with me amongst the business places for fear he might catch smallpox, and I also met the principal medical man of the town, who said that 250 a week would be nearer the death mark than 250 a day. Even 250 a week in a population less than that of Toronto was a startling average. With a temperature of 110 in the shade and cabs rattling past with people wrapped in cotton and going to the pesthouse, almost every moment, I confess that life was rather a depressing thing. Even at 250 a week the deaths would average over thirty-five a day, and the disease was so prevalent that nobody could be induced to enter a vehicle for fear of contagion.

Amongst the Indians and Greasers of New Mexico during 1876 and 1877 one could not ride up to a house without fearing to find a smallpox patient, nor ask for a drink without expecting the arm of the native woman who lifted the gourd to the level of one's saddle to be in a state of eruption which made it a continual question whether to go thirsty or to take the risk of getting this disease. In tropical countries the water is almost invariably brought in early in the morning when it is cool, and one takes the chance of having it contaminated by disease during the day. I quite agree with Dr. Koch in his theory that blood diseases have to be communicated through the blood by an abrasion or something of a similar sort. Stomach diseases and those enteric disorders which come from bad water or something we take in our mouths in the way of food, can certainly be communicated by bacilli which are in contaminated food or liquid. I feel quite as positive that lung troubles and everything affecting the respiratory organs must be breathed in, not eaten. Snake poison, which when directly communicated to the blood is deadly, can be taken into the stomach without any fear of evil results, as has been shown by those who have sucked the venom out of wounds made by snakes of the most deadly variety. Great pains should be taken not only with regard to water, but food, that nothing unwholesome shall become contiguous to an enfeebled stomach or bowels which are not impervious to disease. The air which is breathed should be carefully chosen by those who have weak lungs, but the difference between the respiratory system and the digestive system should be recognized by the medical profession, inasmuch as it is obvious, as Dr. Koch has explained, that you do not get a lung trouble through the stomach nor a stomach or enteric trouble through the lungs. Much of the scare about tuberculosis and smallpox and kindred diseases seems to me to depend upon the ignorance of those who do not separate the two different methods of getting a disease.

It must be remembered that while the sick and the well both breathe air and drink water full of bacilli of the most dangerous sorts, it is only those who are in a receptive condition that become affected. It has often been argued that a little whisky added to tainted water will not make it innocuous, but the one fact must be borne in mind that the stimulant which makes the stomach readily attack anything which enters it removes a great deal of the danger which would otherwise be incurred should bacilli be entertained unawares by the lethargic or diseased receptacle of food. Physically every moment we are undergoing almost every chance of death, if the doctors are to be believed, but that strange thing which we call life and those inexplicable things which we call vital forces prevent us from becoming victims of malaria, contagion, bacilli, microbes, and everything which comes under the heading of things which threaten life. If we can always keep ourselves well nourished and our forces strung up to the necessities

ties of the moment, there need be little fear of what we are so often lectured about. It is when laxity and old age and the worn-out condition of the human machinery make contagion possible or probable that we are in danger. Of course these rules do not apply to gunshot wounds, pneumonia, or those things which suddenly put an end to life, but they should be sufficient to remove a great deal of fear and to form a theory which has the basis of keeping the body up to its usual tension.

THE "Evening News" thinks that Toronto should compete with Melbourne and other Australian towns in welcoming the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall. It admits that Australia has the dual purpose of inaugurating a commonwealth and of greeting the future King, yet it believes that a large amount of money should be spent that Canada may not be lost sight of in the general welcome of the Heir Apparent. I may be deficient in loyalty, but I do not take this view of it. Everywhere, including Gibraltar, Malta, and the naval stations which contain large forces of regular troops, have been created pageants at comparatively small expense for His Royal Highness, of which we could only give a very silly imitation. Any attempt to make a military display must necessarily result in our discomfiture. An old-fashioned welcome and a quiet time would be welcomed by the Duke, who has, no doubt, seen all the processions and listened to all the addresses

be short, and it would be a sad thought if, when the proprietor of a public journal lay upon his deathbed, he should be confronted with the agonized and agonizing spectacle of somebody he had wronged in order to keep his paper up to date and salable. Editors may take it as a rule that they are beautiful characters because they leave things unsaid, but no man can find any satisfaction in whacking the guilty over the shoulders of the innocent, as they frequently do. It should not require two thoughts, if the innocent have to suffer, whether the guilty be left unpunished. The whole impulse of properly matured humanity is not only to be just, but generous. Yet I doubt if it could be alleged that a man were even generous who refrained from giving the postoffice address of the nearest kin of a defaulter, an eloper, a murderer, or someone guilty of a villainous offence. I think the whole argument of decency is in a contrary direction. While the sinner may be exposed for the good of humanity and to point a moral, the giving away of his innocent relatives is contemptible, and the newspaper that takes a pride in not doing it makes no greater point for its morality than does the man who boasts that he has never committed murder, rape, or similar unconventionalities.

THE Tin-Pan show at Buffalo proposes to wind itself up by means of a bonfire. The contract which this jerk-water exposition has with the Rumseys requires the

to consider is whether they are intelligent in their action and fair in their executive. If San Francisco suffers and the port loses its business, that is a matter for San Francisco to consider. If the workmen unite with the prevalent climatic and contagious diseases to put it out of business, at this distance we can view the disturbance with equanimity. If San Francisco is to be wiped off the map as a sailing station and the hoboos of the wharf are to dictate when a steamer is to be allowed to sail, we may as well know it and conduct ourselves accordingly.

THE rumor that Mr. Chamberlain has become so colonial in his ideas that he believes that Canada should have a native Governor, without doubt is unfounded in fact. Mr. Chamberlain is not hunting for trouble, which he would be quick to find if he nominated, as has been suggested, Sir Charles Tupper as a successor to Lord Creme de Minto. This country might elect as head of the chief executive a politician otherwise discredited, but it would not for a moment tolerate a beaten candidate who has been more loud-voiced than a callopie to be put at the head of the whole shooting-match. If this country declines to have a man for Premier, Mr. Chamberlain could not make a greater mistake than to appoint him Governor. The greatest fool politician that exists could not meet the fool-killer too quick if this were his idea of diplomacy.

KNOCKERS" are those people who go about decrying the value of stocks, predicting bad times, and in every way interfering with the serenity of the commercial atmosphere. I would not like to be known as a "knocker," but on more occasions than one I have called attention to the approach of tougher times. Probably it is a thankless office to which I have elected myself, but nevertheless I cannot see the rainy day approaching without pointing to the symptoms which invariably indicate hard times. The strikes which are prevalent everywhere prove that workmen as well as the capitalists have swelled heads, and this faculty of striking just before hard times arrive is one of the proofs that the workman is often incapable of demanding his larger piece of pie before the whole thing has been divided up.

On the capitalistic side of the great productive world, inflation is going beyond the bounds of imagination. The First National Bank of New York has been increased from a half a million to \$30,000,000, and dividends have been paid which have astounded Wall street and made millionaires of the original stockholders. It may be that the First National Bank has assets which warrant this extraordinary increase, but when we know that the enlargement is due to a battle between J. Pierpont Morgan and Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company, we have reason to be suspicious of the bona fides of the recent boom, which, as a matter of fact, has placed the stock of the bank, at the rates quoted, at \$70,000,000. There is only one end to this sort of financing, and that is disaster. Every bladder in the United States is blown up to the bursting point. The strikes seem to threaten, as usual, to be the pin which will perforate these wind-swollen bags of figures. Unless I am very much mistaken, the fortunes of many of the recent millionaires are entirely on paper, and the man or combination of men who tears up these pieces of paper and throws them into the waste-basket may be left out of employment, and some of the alleged millionaires out of the list of those who have even a competency. In the United States the Canadian banking system is acknowledged to be superior to that of the Republic, and no one would think for a moment of moving the capital of a bank listed at \$500,000—no matter how rich an institution it was—up to \$30,000,000, with a gambling value on the stock of \$70,000,000. The thing is so farcical and indicative of the flutulent state of New York finances that we cannot hope for anything good, but must fear the worst.

CHILE is the wonder of the world. A shoe-string as to territory, extending along the Pacific coast from Peru to Patagonia, it has kept up a marvellous military force and a still more wonderful naval squadron. The people have sometimes been mockingly called the Canadians of South America, because of their virility, aggressiveness, and the power of domination which they have shown. A despatch comes from London that Vice-President Zanartu has resigned "as a protest against the further military preparations in Chile." A patriot should be careful not to be in office in Chile, for the people demand an extraordinary war equipment, and love to cut the throats even of their kinspeople. The average Chilean is as fierce and cruel as an Apache. In war with another country, or in a revolution, he cannot be kept from killing the wounded or mutilating the dead. He reeks with the odor of cruelty and is happiest when he wallows in blood. Chile has a navy which probably surpasses the combined navies of South America, and so eager are these half-fed but vigorous people for conquest that they are willing to accept foreigners as the heads of their warlike departments. Their greatest warship, named after an admiral, is the "O'Higgins," which is decidedly not a Chilean name. A German is the head of the army, and yet so anxious are the people to dominate South America that no complaint is made. Their martial instinct is no doubt the outgrowth of the fusion of the Spanish people with an Indian race which has never been conquered. Their geographical situation also suggests conquest and a readiness for war. Argentina, which contains a much larger population, is to the east of them, and only recently has the boundary line been established. Chile, small but bloodthirsty, being the dominant element in establishing the line. Pages of history are still red with the blood of Peru and Chile, and the return of the two provinces seized has not been made according to the treaty of peace. Bolivia, lying inland, was promised a Pacific ocean port, but has not received it, and the Chileans continue to act as the bullies and swashbucklers of South America. It is strange that the Vice-President should have resigned when the motives of the people are so warlike. It is probably his intention to lead a revolution, for that is the only means that the South Americans rely upon to bring about a change of administration. Chile is absolutely bankrupt, having long ago exhausted the money exacted from Peru, and without any means to continue a warlike attitude which costs millions per annum, while the taxable people are few in number.

MUCH genuine sorrow was expressed on Thursday morning when it was announced that Mr. Patrick Boyle of the "Irish Canadian" had been found dead in bed, his sudden departure having probably been caused by heart failure. The removal of this picturesque figure from the streets of Toronto is much deplored, though Mr. Boyle held many heterodox political views. I cannot do better than reproduce an article of mine which appeared in the first issue of "Saturday Night" after the 17th of March, 1900, for whatever kindly expressions will be found in it were written while the man was alive, and are not merely a post-mortem expression of friendship:

"Patrick Boyle, who, as chairman of the Hibernian meeting on Saturday night, made remarks to the effect that he was one Irishman who was not wearing the sham-



AN ALLURING EGYPTIAN.

(Illustrating "Don's" Travel Talks on page 7, a series of views of Egypt, Palestine and Italy, will continue to be published for several weeks to come.

that a human being can endure without nausea. A real rest in Toronto would be welcomed by the future King, and any attempt to provide such a show as must almost have dulled his eyesight elsewhere would be a mistake. It would not be meanness on the part of the citizens of Toronto to give him only a personal welcome and not bleed the purse of a city which is already badly in debt.

It seems strange to me that people should lose their heads on an occasion of this kind. Everyone seems anxious to create an additional burden for the taxpayer. Even the "News," which is not generally addicted to promoting extravagance, says, "Still, there is no better way of welcoming a king than with a brave show of soldiers and enthusiastic subjects lining the way." Without the expenditure of a dollar the enthusiastic subjects will line the way, and no doubt local troops will be glad to furnish an escort. The "News" admits that it is barbaric, but insists "there is no music like the brass of military bands." Probably it would not bankrupt Toronto to spend ten thousand dollars, or five times as much, but why waste this money when we will only be probably fifth amongst those who have given great acclaim to the future King? We should be first in the procession or not in it at all. To give a poor miserable imitation of a reception is to proclaim ourselves a very one-horse town. To simply receive the Duke and his esteemed lady in a quiet way, without any discredited effort at show, would certainly be a wiser policy.

TORONTO has reason to be glad of an editorial which appeared on Tuesday, which indicates that an evening newspaper has dropped out of the business of exposing the name and giving the addresses of those who sin and are sorry. The paper in question, however, does it with a very poor grace when it says, "The editors will go on shielding those who do not deserve to be shielded, for the sake of those who do not deserve to suffer." It is an open question how much of the inner life of people a newspaper has a right to touch. It does not seem to me, if there is anyone "who does not deserve to suffer" implicated, that a newspaper has a right to make any use of the paragraph. The lives of newspapers, as those of men, must necessarily

restoring of the plot of ground now occupied, to its normal condition by the first of next July. It is proposed to burn all the buildings at so much per capita in the grand-stand, and to add fireworks which will make it the biggest conflagration ever seen. From all I have heard of this jerkwater show, I would rather go and see it burned than to examine the exhibits. The illuminations are said to be very fine, and the last yank of the bonfire is a good suggestion. As far as the ultimate success of the thing is concerned, it is the only realistic and high-voiced suggestion that has been made. The longer they keep it open the poorer it will get. They cannot have the bonfire too soon.

STRIKES, the inevitable precursors of depressions, continue to be prevalent. In San Francisco, which is the inevitable point of sensation of Western feeling, the City Front Federation of Labor has ordered a general strike. The declaration of the strikers reads rather strangely to those who are unacquainted with the voice of labor. It is as follows: "The full membership of the City Front Federation refuses to work at the docks of San Francisco, Oakland, Port Costa and Mission Rock. The steamers Bonita and Walla Walla, with mail and passengers, now in the stream, will be allowed to go to sea." We are approaching a socialistic crisis, and approaching it very rapidly, when the laboring element "allows" a vessel to go to sea. What business have they to allow or disallow the sailing of steamers with passengers and mail? That ought to be the business of the Government, and of the Government alone. I remember once going to San Francisco and finding the steamers all tied up by the Government in a yellow fever quarantine. Instead of going to Central America I diverted my route to Mexico, which I reached by rail, and felt no dissatisfaction except that outside places had not been notified. But to find the steamers of a port like San Francisco tied up by the hoboos who work on the wharves, I can imagine would be a different matter. Yet we must not fail to remember that the laborers who load the boats have some rights. Probably they are quite within these rights when they strike and tie up the whole foreign business of San Francisco. All we have

rock 'in honor of hirelings who were slitting the throats of honest farmers who were defending their independence and firesides,' is a kindly old gentleman with a warm heart and a hand quick to grasp that of a friend. I do not like what he said, but I like 'Paddy' Boyle all the same, whether he is responsible for his wild and bitter utterances or not. There is something inside a certain class of Irishmen which talks treason as naturally as a baby sucks milk. Unless these fireworks be let off occasionally, life becomes a dull, monotonous affair, and our Irish neighbors who were built this way feel that unless they are raising an occasional row they are neither doing their duty nor having a good time. I never heard of 'Paddy' Boyle ever doing anyone a bad turn or refusing to do a good one. I like to meet him on the street or in a car, for he is always cheerful, neighborly and sympathetic. The ready laugh and happy voice of the old man have made dull days look brighter, and though no one suspects him of being rich, or even sure that want may not overtake him before his life may close, he seems content, and to have within him that something which is better than vaulting ambition or skill at gaining gold. It is only those who do not know him who begrudge him the moment of unspeakable joy which comes to him when he gathers the hair of the lion's tail around his Irish hand, winds up the slack, and then gives the old thing a twist which makes it creak to its very roots. The lion has never been known to indicate by growl or groan that 'Paddy's' tail-twisting tricks have inflicted the slightest pain. But 'Paddy' himself has had more fun out of this sort of thing than any boy ever had out of a tin gun or a red hand-sleigh. While the burning words are rolling out of 'Paddy's' mouth or dripping like Saxon blood from his pen, the veteran stumper and irreconcilable editor feels that he is free from the tyrant yoke and the ironshod foot of the Sassenach. He is happy. Compared with these moments, reeling with joy, I am afraid 'Paddy' will find heaven a disappointment, and the harmony of eternity will pall upon him as cycle after cycle of ages rolls along and he never gets a crack at the imaginary enemies of the Emerald Isle.

"True enough, it was ungracious of Mr. Boyle to disturb the harmony of the British Empire by speaking 'them words,' but Patrick's mind was busy with the past, and the armistice which had been declared for a day—some of us hoped it might be forever—was forgotten as memories of the other Patrick, the saint of the same name as himself, came rushing over him. He felt that a dirty trick was being played by the British on St. Patrick, in thus seizing and celebrating a holiday which they had not created, and with which it was evident they had no right to interfere, even by trying to add to its harmony and general splendor. Sure, thought he, is St. Patrick's day and the shamrock, the last remnants of our greatness, to be seized by these cruel invaders, these greedy usurpers, these employers of 'throat-slitters'?"

"We need not follow the burning thoughts of the chairman as he tore himself loose from all but St. Patrick and the Emerald Isle. What he said was inspired by something we do not understand, and which we are all very certain we do not like. But it was only a very small fraction of 'Paddy' Boyle that was talking, and it was by no means a large section of the Irishmen of this city that approved. Nowadays, we only see this fraction of 'Paddy' Boyle once in a long while, and we can afford to ignore its existence, for there is enough of him left as a cheery old soul, a good neighbor, and a kind friend, to still make a better man than some of those who throw stones at him because it is popular."

Mr. Boyle was in the "Saturday Night" building on the evening before he died until about six o'clock, getting out the last issue of his paper, which, by the way, has as its motto "Resurgam." On the first page appear three columns of obituary notices, which begin as follows:

"Within the short space of a month death has robbed Toronto of two of her citizens whose lives passed almost together within her borders, have shed lustre and honor upon her. Sir Thomas Galt and the Hon. G. W. Allan were representatives of a class of public men that is fast passing away. Their day, unhappily, in Canada at least, seems to be gone; that of the scheming, self-seeking politician is upon us. These two men in equal degree combined within themselves the graces of the gentleman and the nameless qualities which mark the true gentleman, and the influence they exerted upon public affairs in an unostentatious way was deep and far-reaching. They attained to eminence, because in character and attainments they merited it, and when it came they bore it with an easy graciousness which proclaimed their fitness for it."

It is a sad coincidence that the last work of Mr. Boyle should be the writing of the obituaries of those he admired.

Social and Personal.

TO say that the Island Aquatic dance last week was a good one is to tell a thrice-told tale. But it was quite above the usual enjoyment, as the night was cool, and most of the guests indefatigable dancers. Among the bright "Americans" was conspicuously noticeable a radiant and buxom belle from Elmira, N.Y., whose beautiful form was set off to perfection by a tightly-fitting white gown. All the young folks looked their best. The chaperones turned out in great force, a particularly gracious act, as there is not a tremendous lot of sport in sitting against the wall on wooden chairs watching the eternal whirl of the dance. Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. Gerald Wade, Mrs. Boisseau, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. Jack Massey, Mrs. Fuller, were some of the married ladies present. Mr. Herbert Fortier sat a while on the balcony, and was a welcome guest. Mr. Douglas Young and a couple of young officers from Stanley Barracks came in and enjoyed a few dances. Miss Edith Coady, who was over on a flying visit from Grimsby, looked very pretty in a smart pink chambray frock. Miss Beatrice Pearson was dainty in white. Miss Dottie Lamont was very sweet in white, with a red rose in her hair. Mr. Wallace Helliwell and Miss Elsie Helliwell, the Misses McArthur, Miss Trees, the Misses Fuller, Mrs. Rutman, and her daughter, who look like sisters rather, Mrs. and Miss Cecil Denison, Miss Francis, and all the Center Island members beside, with quite a lot of guests from West Point and the city, were present.

The polo club is now "fait accompli," a meeting having been held some days ago, and the officers elected. Mr. Osborne of Clover Hill is president, and Mr. H. C. Osborne secretary-treasurer. The committee includes: Colonel Lessard, C.B. Major Forester, Major Peters, Mr. Lally McCarthy, and other good horsemen and sportsmen. The polo grounds will be in the neighborhood of the Hunt Club. I am told, and a car load of ponies will arrive directly.

The Royal Muskoka Hotel managers sent out invitations to the formal opening of the hotel for last evening, and quite a number of prominent Torontonians have gone up to Lake Rosseau for the event and will remain for the annual regatta, which will be held on Monday in Lake Rosseau. I hope to have a full account of the sports next week. The association has made this regatta quite the pivotal event of the season, and, given fine weather, there is always a holiday spirit sufficiently lively upon them to make a success of any such gathering. Mr. Jack McMurrich and a coterie of like energetic young fellows are sure to put their best foot foremost on Monday.

Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson have gone to Georgian Bay for a short visit. The hotel at which the colonel and Mrs. Davidson and several other Torontonians are stopping has a name which ought to make its fortune, for it is quite a curiosity and beyond my spelling.

The marriage of Miss Ellen Louise Hayward, daughter of Mr. Robert Hayward of St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. William Laurence Bullen, took place in St. Margaret's church on

July 24th, Rev. Robert Moore officiating. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister, Miss Emily Hayward, and Miss Alma Bullen, sister of the bridegroom. Mr. William Patterson was best man; the bride's usher was Mr. Frank Joyce of St. Louis. Miss Hayward was married in a very pretty dress of white mouseline de soie, with pearl trimmings, and a bolero of lace, in which she looked very handsome. The maids also wore white, very dainty gowns of organdie. The wedding reception and breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's mother, after which Mr. and Mrs. Bullen left on the midnight train for the honeymoon, the bride going away in a brown ladies' cloth costume and black hat. An unique gift, from the parents and sisters of the groom, was the complete furnishings of a dining-room, and many other handsome gifts were received.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and their daughters have gone to Cushing's Island, where Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kay and Miss Helen Davidson are also spending the summer.

Mrs. Newbigging and Mr. Walker returned from Cobourg this week. Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer, Miss Plummer, and the two younger daughters, left for England on Tuesday. Mr. Plummer was not at all well previous to starting, but it is hoped the voyage and rest will be of much benefit to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten are going to London, England, where Mr. Totten will be under treatment by a specialist for his sciatica. Mr. Totten is just able to be about, but not at all his old self. I hear they will be away until January.

Mrs. McMurrich, who was here for a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Vickers, in Adelaide street, returned home this week.

Dr. James Thorburn returned from a holiday on Monday. Mrs. George Webster of Crawford street is at Port Sydney, Muskoka, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt are holidaying in Muskoka. The Misses Towner went to Muskoka last Saturday for a summer sojourn. Miss Frances Jones of Rosedale, who has been spending a fortnight with Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis in Lake Rosseau, returned home on Monday.

The Pan-American Press Club gave a grand reception in the New York State building at the Buffalo Exhibition last evening.

There are to be weddings galore this fall. One for the middle of September, three others in October, are already of great interest in prominent circles.

An engagement is quietly spoken of, and will shortly be announced, between a clever young son of a recently honored knight, and perhaps the most beautiful member of a family famed for good looks.

There is not much flutter about the vacant senatorships this time, for the finger of political fate points too decidedly in a certain direction to cause any speculative nominations.

Seven-hand euchre is the game of the hour among the fair lingerers in town or on the Island. I met a woman going Islandward the other evening bearing a handsome prize with her as the fruits of her afternoon visit to the city, and it is not her first offence, either. There is a club formed for the study of the fascinating "bridge," which game has had hot things said of it in neighboring cities. But Toronto women generally go canny, and any tales one hears of large stakes may be taken "cum grano salis."

The Misses Jean and Grace Petrie of 379 Huron street, are having a delightful time at Carthew Bay, where they are guests of Alderman and Mrs. Lamb.

Mrs. Carleton E. Bryant of New York is on a short visit to her father, Mr. Siddall of Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Tudhope, their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Page, and the Misses Tudhope, of Madison avenue, are spending a few days at the Windsor, Montreal, on their way down to the seaside, where they intend remaining till September.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wood, 166 Jameson avenue, have gone to Port Sandfield, Muskoka, for the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dykes are visiting Miss Dykes in Galt. Mr. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge and his son, Mr. Charlie Macdonald, left for Loch Helen, Georgian Bay, yesterday.

Dr. Backus of Aylmer, Ont., a clever lady medico, is visiting Miss McLean Howard of Kilmuir.

Canon Hill of St. Thomas and Mrs. Hill (nee Delamere) are spending the vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere at their summer place on Balsam Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Noble are in Kingston, visiting Colonel and Mrs. Duff. Mr. Gordon Clark, who has been enjoying a trip to the West Coast, after passing his legal exams, and being very successful, has returned to town. Miss Sharley Jarvis is spending the summer with Lady Boyd. Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Miss Hamilton, and a young sister of Mr. Jarvis, are at their Muskoka cottage, which boasts the curious name "Primary" upon its lintel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan have returned from Camp Elizabeth to Rat Portage to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Hees on their arrival there. For the past two months Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan (who have Mr. Archie Sullivan with them this summer), have been in the woods, a cosy log cabin being their abiding-place, and a trusty man-servant looking after their menage. Mrs. Sullivan has taken to fishing and paddling with great zest, and pronounces a woodland life the acme of happiness. The journey from Camp Elizabeth to Rat Portage was made entirely by water—by canoe and steamer.

Mrs. F. T. Malone and her children are at Jackson's Point. Mrs. Caldwell of Rosedale and her charming family are in Muskoka, and their Toronto neighbors, the Misses Haney, have been visiting them there. Provost Macklem is back from the Old Country and looks as well and bright as ever. Mrs. Macklem remained in Jersey as the climate was doing her good. By the way, the coming professor at Trinity, who is, I am told, a nephew of that splendid parson, Canon Duckworth, is soon to be here. There are great anticipations of his coming.

One of the most brilliant society events of the season was celebrated at St. Andrew's church, Stratford, on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, when Miss Elsie Gordon Fisher, daughter of Mr. James Fisher, K.C. of Winnipeg, and Mr. Royal Burritt, son of Mr. D. B. Burritt, Division Court Clerk, were married. The bride wore a gown of duchess satin, with yoke and undersleeves of embroidered chiffon. She wore the regulation bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried bridal roses. The bride was given away by her father, and Miss Lanna Fisher and Miss Helen MacPherson, sister and cousin respectively of the bride, the Misses Beatrix Buckingham, Nora Maynard, and Lexie Woods of Stratford, and Miss Molly Hopkirk of London attended her, three wearing pale blue and three pale pink organdie, with black velvet ribbons, and picture hats of black tulle, and carried bouquets of pink and white sweet peas, while each wore a pearl pin, the gift of the groom. The groomsmen were Mr. F. B. Deacon, Little Miss Isabel Burritt, sister of the groom, was flower girl. Rev. E. W. Pantou, pastor of the church, officiated. At its conclusion,

while Miss Gena MacPherson played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's aunt, Miss A. R. MacPherson, at 20 St. Vincent street, where a reception was held. The lawn was protected from the street by a white awning decorated with gay flags, and a large marquee was erected, where refreshments were served. The house decorations were of pink and green, and the young couple received congratulations in the drawing-room. The bride's travelling-gown was of grey broadcloth, with Eton jacket, and a dainty white muslin blouse. Her hat was a turban of the same soft grey.

The marriage of Miss Edith Clara Harmer, daughter of Mr. Robert Harmer of 1,244 King street west, to Mr. Theodore A. Hunt, assistant solicitor of the C.P.R. at Winnipeg, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Hineks of Trinity Methodist church, assisted by Prof. Clark of Trinity University. The bride wore a handsome Paris gown of white silk with court train, trimmed with pearl and opal passementerie and Brussels lace, and her veil was fastened with orange blossoms. Her sister, Miss Birdie Harmer, wore turquoise blue voile over blue taffeta, and trimmed with white silk lace applique. The groomsmen were Mr. J. H. Spence. Mrs. Harmer, mother of the bride, wore a very becoming costume of pale grey voile over yellow silk, trimmed with insertions of black and white lace, and with draperies of Brussels lace on the bodice, and diamond ornaments. The house was decorated with quantities of white water lilies, white carnations, palms and smilax, and after the ceremony a dejeuner was served, while an orchestra played sweetly. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt left for a trip to the Maritime Provinces and the United States before going to their future home in Winnipeg. The bride's traveling-gown was of navy blue broadcloth, with a blouse of white silk under the Eton jacket. Her tussan toque was trimmed with green ospreys and green silk. The following were among the invited guests: Dr. Will Boyd of Coldwater, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Traves and Mrs. Coulter of St. Thomas, Mrs. and Miss McKellar, Miss Eldred McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Treble, Mr. and Mrs. Sproule Smith, Prof. and Mrs. Clark, Miss Bell-Smith, Mrs. and Miss Belcher, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Massey of Toronto, Mr. D. C. King of Peterboro', Rev. E. A. Johnston of Pembroke, Dr. and Mrs. Cook, Mrs. and Miss I. Lennox, Miss Mabel Cowan, Mrs. and Miss Byrne of Toronto, Mrs. Kayle of Springfield, Ohio, Mr. John Elliott of London.

Mrs. Murray Alexander is at Yoho with Mrs. Playfair on a visit. Mrs. Stevenson Dunlop of Fargo, Dakota (nee Playfair), who has been at Yoho, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander are at Murray Bay. Mr. Worts Smart went to Muskoka last Saturday. Miss Helen Ellis of Kentucky is visiting Miss Dallas at Westbourne School, 340 Bloor street west. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher are going to Mackinaw next week.

The San Francisco "Call" of July 24th says: "A quiet wedding was solemnized last Saturday afternoon, July 20, at the Howard street Methodist Episcopal church, the contracting parties being Dr. Robert A. Peers of Colfax, Cal., and Miss Lulu F. Stewart of Toronto, Canada. The officiating clergyman was Rev. T. E. E. Shore of Toronto, Canada, and one of our Epworth League visitors. After a wedding trip through Southern California the newly wedded pair will make their home in Colfax, Placer County, where Dr. Peers holds the position of resident surgeon of the Southern Pacific."

Mr. and Mrs. Horne Payne of London, England, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, have gone to Winnipeg with Mrs. Mackenzie. The party left on Thursday and will probably visit the West Coast before returning.

The "Chimo" Club, including Mr. C. E. Robinson, president, Mr. John Massey, Dr. J. F. W. Ross, Mr. Charles Nelson (Montreal), Mr. W. J. Suckling, Mr. Laurie Boyd, Mr. John Henderson, and Mr. Fred Killer, left last week for their annual outing at their well-appointed club-house at Hollow Lake, on the borders of Algonquin Park. Mr. Rutter, the popular president of the T. L. and A. A., will join them on Monday. "Chimo" is a password to old lacrosse players, as may be remembered by those who heard the cry at the Otter banquet, and the sudden response of the gallant guest of honor, "Ah! that takes me too far back."

Among all the kind hostesses whom one sees welcoming guests on the various steamer wharves in Muskoka there is not one whom all the strangers admire so much as Mrs. Eaton. With her fine face crowned with snowy hair, her sparkling eyes and cordial hand-grasp, she is a delightful and picturesque figure, and one can quite echo the cry of an impulsive girl who exclaimed, "Oh, who is that handsome lady? I wish I were going to stay with her!"

It is well worth while taking a walk down King and Yonge streets these August mornings. One would scarcely believe one was in Toronto. No one greets the promenade with the usual morning smile and recognizing nod. The crowds which surge past, pausing outside jewelry and fur shops, are all strange. The men are either in deshabille as to waistcoats and braces, or painfully spick and span. There seem to be no visitors but camping tourists and bridegrooms. The bridegrooms buy furs for themselves and their "honeys," as they often call the brides. The whole party is remarkably blasé and languid, or intensely voluble and assertively interested. They buy souvenir pins and stick them all over themselves, admire the good-looking clerks in audible tones, and have many ice cream sodas and other tempting snacks by the way, and leave many good dollars and silver certificates here and there. As above remarked, they give a new flavor to our streets and pavements these days, and Toronto is transformed from ten to four into a town of "Americans." It is more than ever evident this summer, owing to the tide of travel forever surging just across the lake.

Mrs. Treble (nee Massey) has been for some time a liberal patron of domestic science schools in Toronto. Her very excellent school in the Victor Hall in Jarvis street has been a source of great benefit to all the young students, maids and their mistresses often benefiting equally in their several classes. Now Mrs. Treble has extended her good offices and has offered to furnish a room in connection with the Manitoba College in Winnipeg, and to pay all expenses, salaries of teachers of the science, and equipment, for a year, confident that once established it will be indispensable to the course of the students. Mrs. Treble has so much quiet force and good judgment, backed by a purse sufficiently heavy, and presents her good schemes in such persuasive fashion, that they are always successful.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Caldwell, who has lost a dear brother, and her many friends send her kind thoughts in her grief. Mr. Beebe died about ten days ago and the funeral took place on Thursday, July 25.

The "Solid Comfort" camp at Kew Beach have sent out invitations to an At Home on next Friday evening.

International Courtesies.

In Toronto.
Dolly—He's from the States.
Mollie—How do you know?
Dolly—He took off his hat when he got in the elevator.

In Buffalo.
Daisy—That man's from Canada.
Mollie—What makes you think so?
Daisy—He gave that woman his seat on the car!



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1 quart blackberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup ice water, or chopped ice, 6 Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 1 pint thin cream, powder, 1 egg, Wash and pick over the berries, crush 2 of them, add the sugar and ice water, set in place 1 with a sharp pointed knife an oblong cavity in the top of the biscuit about 1 inch from sides and end; carefully remove the top and all inside shredding, making a basket. Fill with the crushed berries, letting the syrup saturate the biscuit. Put the whole berries on top, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with cream. Raspberries, strawberries, bananas, may be prepared in the same way. Blueberries may be used without crushing. Pineapple, peaches or cantaloupes may also be used, paring and cutting line with silver knife, using same proportions of sugar and water.

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F. B. ROBINS,
Hotel Buckingham, Buffalo, N.Y.

Social and Personal.

The jolly yachtsmen have spent the week in Buffalo, and have incidentally had a good deal of fun at the Fair, where they have taken in the various shows on the Midway. Skipper Jarvis, Mr. Gordon Oiler, Mr. R. Drummond and several others were having a good time there on Monday. Mrs. and Miss Lowndsbrough of Surrey Villa visited the Fair this week. Two charming visitors also were Miss Selma Werner of New York, and her friend, Miss Auerbach, who are for the summer with Mrs. Werner at Hotel Brant, Burlington.

Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, the Misses Shepley, Mrs. W. C. Fox, the Misses Hughes, three popular girls, Miss Tomlin of Chicago, whose father was one of the musical directors at the World's Fair, and who is a delightful, bright, clever girl, are some of the guests at the Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau.

Miss Kirkpatrick is stopping at Helma, Lake Rosseau. Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn is the kind hostess of a nice little house party, including Miss Tootie Heward and Miss Emily Falconbridge.

The bay has been a fairy vision on some evenings this week, when a good breeze rippling its waters and a full moon flooding them with silver radiance, gay yachting parties stole here and there in silent progress, winged by huge sails that gleamed in the moonlight. A bright song, a whiff of fragrant weed, a merry trill of laughter, sometimes broke the enchanted silence. It was really worth going out to participate in so beautiful and happy a scene.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson writes from Harrogate, England, of a very bright visit to that well-known watering-place. Mrs. Thompson is visiting her sister in Harrogate.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge and their daughter, Mrs. Fisher, of Prince Arthur avenue, have returned from Fortune's Rocks, on the Maine coast.

The West Point Islanders realize that they have been a bit behind in providing an association to rival the Aquatic of Center Island, and, inspired by the sight of its popularity, have made a move to form a like association. There isn't the least reason why both should not enjoy the greatest popularity and success. As for sport, there are every whit as good paddlers and swimmers at the Point as at the Center.

The marriage of Miss Winnifred McNally, eldest daughter of Mr. Owen McNally, and Dr. Robins of Sault Ste. Marie took place in Norwich on Thursday, July 25, in the Roman Catholic Church, the Rev. Father Cook of Woodstock officiating. The maid of honor was Miss Florence McNally, sister of the bride, and little Miss Mildred Fair of Ingersoll and little Miss May Furlong of Norwich were the bridesmaids. The groomsmen were Mr. Coughlin of Stratford. After the ceremony a dejeuner was served at the handsome residence of the bride's father, and later in the day Dr. and Mrs. Robins left for a trip to New York, Buffalo and Toronto, before going to their new home in Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. P. Hamilton, Mr. W. A. Stratton and Mr. T. P. Coffey are guests of the Hon. J. R. Stratton at his handsome cottage on the Kawartha Lakes.

Miss Laura Moss is spending the summer in Erindale, Ont.

A fancy fair will be held by the young ladies of Balm Beach on August 14, on the lawn of Hazelhurst Cottage, the residence of Mr. George J. Foy. The proceeds will be given to the Sunnyside Orphanage. The following committee have charge of the affair: Misses M. Foy, E. Vogan, P. Foy, M. Murray, E. Ross, M. Eyre, H. Bouvier, L. Hughes and P. Rescor.

The Granby, Que., "Leader Mail" of July 14 has the following on Mrs. Gertrude Black Edmonds, our great contributor: "One of the listeners at the concert on Tuesday night was a little white dog. He made no noise, and might have enjoyed the performance to the end if he had remained under his master's chair and had not let his curiosity get the better of him. But when the rich contralto notes of Miss Black-Edmonds began to fill the hall with the first bars of 'The Holy City' the dog pricked up his ears. No human voice ever sounded like that to him before, and with a desire to know more about that fair one who 'last night lay asleeping,' he trotted up the center aisle, halted about two yards from the stage and looked the singer squarely in the face. The dog was entranced with the splendor of the song, but the audience giggled and the singer retired in confusion. And instead of giving this appreciative little canine a seat on the platform they chased him out into the dark, and then 'on with the song.'"

"Stargazer" enquires about the name of a planet which he admires and observes in the south-eastern heavens. It's Jupiter, and it may impress Stargazer to know that it is only one thousand four hundred times larger than "us." Still, it's no harm to look at it.

Mr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith and their family are in Muskoka. Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenlyth and the Misses Nordheimer are at Penetanguishene. Mrs. S. H. James, Miss Louise James and Miss Gladys Dixon are at Minicog, a

new and delightful summer place near Penetang. This house was formerly the residence of a Pittsburg millionaire, and is now managed by a retired British officer.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Harcourt Waters of New Orleans have taken Alanholm, Orillia, for the summer.

Miss Homer Dixon and Miss Muriel Whitney have been visiting Mrs. W. B. McMurrich at Harmony Hall, her Muskoka home.

Mr. Hugh Lumsden and Mrs. Lumsden (nee Whitney) are with their family summering at Lake Couchiching.

Mr. Bourlier of Wellesley street is spending his vacation at Prout's Neck, on the Atlantic seacoast.

Miss Anna Fraser, recently appointed principal of the Toronto School of Domestic Science, has gone to the Madawaska Club, Georgian Bay, for a few weeks' holidays, before entering on her new duties. Miss Fraser, who is a graduate of the school of which she now becomes principal, has been on the teaching staff of the Oread Institute of Domestic Science, Worcester, Mass., for the past three years.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece of South Parkdale are at New Carlisle, P. Q., on a fishing trip to the Baie-de-Chaleurs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Rand and Miss Rand of Grand Forks, N. Dakota, are visiting Mrs. Arthur Blackford, Lake Rosseau.

Miss Birdie Miller of Toronto and Miss Edna Blackford of Detroit, Mich., are the guests of Mrs. Blackford, Mazengah Isle, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

The Misses Eva, Daisy and Lillian Smallpiece are camping with Mr. and Mrs. Vin Ashdown on "Fairy Lake," Muskoka.

Miss Millett of 213 Wilton avenue has left for a trip to Owen Sound and Upper Lakes. She will be joined later by her sister, Miss Ellen.

Mrs. Reynolds and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise, are among the arrivals at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield.

Mrs. E. F. Rush of 102 Farley avenue left Saturday week for the Pan-American for a couple of weeks, to be the guest of Mrs. Kerans of Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. Calvert of Glen Villa, Deer Park, gave a tennis party on July 27, in honor of Mr. Frank C. Barnes of New York, who was in Toronto on a short vacation. The old Deer Park boys held a tournament, the winners of the double series being Mr. Walter Marks and Mr. A. G. MacMahon. The single series had to be postponed on account of the rain. The young ladies joined them in the evening in a dance, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

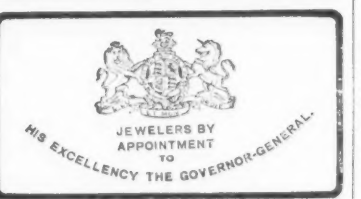
On Saturday last Messrs. James E. Jones, Harry Love, A. H. Rolph, J. W. Barry, Roy Jones and George Douglas left on an extensive canoe trip through the Temagami and Temiscamingue country, in New Ontario.

Mrs. F. E. Stuart and Miss Iris Stuart of 89 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, have just returned from a visit to New York, where they have been spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lanskill.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Clark are spending a few weeks in Muskoka, near Milford Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Edward Huestis have just returned from spending six weeks in their summer cottage at Jackson's Point and have resumed housekeeping at their new house, No. 93 Rose avenue.

Mr. George Nicol is spending the month with his brother, Dr. Nicol, at Windermere, Muskoka. Dr. and Mrs. Nicol and Miss Nicol have been for



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4. "HELMET OF NAVARRE," - Runkle
5. "CINDERELLA," - Crockett
6. "LIKE ANOTHER HELEN," - Horton
7. "DAYS LIKE THESE," - Townsend
8. "TARRY THOU TILL I COME," - Croly
9. "HERITAGE OF PERIL," - Marchmont
10. "KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES," - Adams

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some time up there, and among the pretty girls on the wharf when the boat calls Miss Nicol is easily first. Mr. Alfred Wright is in British Columbia. I hear that Mrs. Wright and her guest, Miss Burnham, may go up to the gala days in Lake Rosseau this week and Monday.

Miss Manson of Sherbourne street is spending her vacation at Rostrevor, Muskoka.

Mrs. Dalton McCarthy and Mrs. and Miss FitzGibbon are spending the summer at St. Andrews, N.B.

Miss Goldie McKay of Jarvis street, whose serious illness has been the cause of much uneasiness to her friends, is slowly improving, and looking forward to sitting up during the next week.

Miss Sims of St. George street has joined a party of young people who left last week for Muskoka. They are staying at Hotel Windsor, Bala.

Dr. Glib Wishart and his family are at their summer place, Go Home Bay, in the Georgian Bay. Dr. Wishart left this week for a vacation.

Mr. Cromwell Gurney, son of Mr. E. C. Gurney, has returned from a visit to Europe.

The very great musical treat offered by the Ferry Company to the Islanders at Hanlan's and to city visitors in the engagement of the Philmy Brass Band has been much appreciated. The men are fine musicians, and play new and interesting selections. Crowds of people occupy the seats arranged for the band concerts, and enjoy the excellent music. It is the best free concert we have heard this season.

Longing.
CHARLEY.
Oh, for a breath of the pure, fresh air
That blows through the country lane;
Oh, for the wild, sweet freedom where
They gather the golden grain—
Oh, to be out at Uncle Dan's
Where the sky spreads broad and blue
Where the cream is thick in the shining pans
And there's joy in the work men do.

UNCLE DAN.
Oh, but I wish that I could go
To the city to stay a while.
Where they've got them 'lectrical fans
To blow
And kin live in a decent style;
Where there's nothing to do and sights
And people can hear the chink
Of the chunks of ice that are in their tea
And the other stuff they drink.
—Chicago "Record-Herald."

His Hairpins.
"Matin," who returned recently from South Africa, has published a book upon what he saw there. He is a lively Frenchman, and tells lively anecdotes of the British commanders, which, now they are being translated into the English newspapers, are stirring up a lively commotion. Some are resented as untruthful, others are declared to be untruthful, and there are hints that the clever gentleman from Paris was occasionally misinformed by way of jest, and failed to perceive it.

However that may be, his little tales are rapidly making the round of the press. One of those which is most widely repeated—and accepted as probably true—and at least characteristically invented if it is not—relates an encounter of Lord Kitchener, grim, brusque and soldierly commander that he is, with a dandy officer who has an unfortunately effeminate taste in trifles.

The young man came to him one day bringing a handkerchief upon which, in accordance with a recent fashionable fancy, he desired him to inscribe his autograph.

Lord Kitchener took the handkerchief, a dainty wisp of fine silk with

Fry's Cocoa

is economical to use because it is easily soluble in hot water. At the same time it is doubly satisfactory in the household because it is concentrated and has great strength. Pure—rich—nutritious.

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Wide of the Truth

Young women with a limited knowledge of manning have been canvassing ladies for their patronage, claiming to be graduates of the Graham Dermatological Institute, or to have studied at the same college as the principals, etc., etc.

Our graduates have all taken long courses with us, and are either employed at our office here or sent to distant cities as agents. Our practice is too large to give us time for instructing "anyone."

This explanation is to protect our extensive clientele from impostors. No one in Toronto outside our offices understands our methods and treatments, which are superior to any adopted elsewhere.

We have most successful treatments and remedies for the permanent cure of all

SKIN, SCALP AND HAIR TROUBLES

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Pimples, Blackheads, Fleshworms, Eczema, Coarse Pores, Red Nose, Ivy Poisoning, Wrinkles, Freckles, Dandruff, Falling Hair, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Ruptured Veins, etc., etc.

Consultation invited at office or by letter. No expense. Send stamp, call or phone North 1666 for descriptive books.

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Dept. H. 502 CHURCH ST. Est'd. 1892

face at the edge, and gravely inspected it. He turned it over, and turned it around, and carefully unfolded it. Finally, the examination concluded, he remarked: "This is doubtless your sister's handkerchief?"

"No," replied the dandy, smiling amiably, "it is mine."

"Ah!" said Lord Kitchener, meditatively, "it is yours."

He handed it back without writing on it, only inquiring as he did so, with an air of serious interest, "And what sized hairpins do you wear?"

Left an Cpe-ing.

"A few years ago," says a writer in "Anecdotes," "when the new lands in Indian Territory were opened, the small towns which sprang up were filled with a very mixed population, and the theaters and traveling theatrical companies were on a par with the towns they visited. One night the writer was in Oklahoma City, and stepped into a theater where 'Tribby' was being played. The house was packed from top to bottom with tough characters, and the character of the actors and their acting was, if anything, tougher, so that even the audience became restless. The play finally reached the point where Little Billie is supposed to clasp Tribby passionately in his arms, instead of which he held her at arms' length, with as much ardor as he would have shown to a bale of hay, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Tribby, nothing can come between us!' whereat a six-foot cow puncher in the gallery leaned over the railing and shouted in tones of supreme disgust, 'Aw, git out! Yer could 'trow a cow between yer!'"

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To make Plaiting that will stay in is an art not too well known. This is the only place in Canada where all kinds of plaiting are well and thoroughly made. Single, Double and Triple Box Plaiting. Knife, Side, Kilt, Parisian, Accordion, Sun, Space, Cluster, and all fancy kinds can be done in any material. Orders sent by mail or express will be returned promptly. Send for circular.

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The Ghosts of the Brig

By Colin McKay.



THE Boston brig, "Mayflower," was a ramshackle old craft. Her high poop, sheering prow and stumpy spars reminded one of Vanderdecken's phantom ship. When she left Rosario in Argentina, bound down the river to Montevideo to finish loading hides for home, I was second mate of her. Of course, the first night out I was considerably under the weather, and hardly know how I managed to stand my watch.

At seven bells in the morning I was roused by a fracas on deck. The captain was vehemently exhausting all the sulphurous combinations in the lingua-Franca of the high seas. Incidentally, he was accusing the sailors of looting the cook's galley during the night.

"No, sir; 'twere't us," chorused the six shellbacks.

When the captain paused for breath one rascal remarked:

"It must ha' been the ghosts, sir."

At that the old man turned on his heel and went below.

The sailors, holding on to their sides, ran forward to the fore-castle.

The cook declared himself, vigorously, incoherently, to the main course.

"What's upset the old man?" I asked, approaching the mate.

"It's those dern ghosts," he answered.

"What ghosts, sir?"

"Humph! Don't you know the yarn? The brig's haunted—has been ever since those two fellows were washed off the jib-boom. It was in the Gulf Stream. The brig was running off before a nor'easter squall, and they were staring the flying-jib. The old man was at the wheel, and he let her come up suddenly—he must have been drunk. She plunged her nose into a sea, clean to the foremast, and, of course, the men on the boom were washed away. It was murder, all right, and ever since, off and on, those fellows' ghosts have haunted the ship. Shortly after four o'clock this morning the lookout came running aft, frightened out of his wits. Going forward, I saw two white figures on the top-gallant fore-castle, dancing a devil's hornpipe round the capstan. I'm not superstitious, but I can tell you I got a scare. The mate looked at me lugubriously.

"S'pose the ghosts rifled the doctor's domain," laughed I.

"Maybe not," said the mate. "But when anybody mentions ghosts the old man buttons up his lip and ups-stick for his whiskey flask."

The brig sped along merrily, keeping close to the south-west shore. The captain was on the lookout for a pampero, and a while before midnight we shortened sail. The ship was then four or five miles below Buenos Ayres. It was a dark night—very dark for that part of the world.

As I was about to sing out "Bligh bells!" two hands in my watch came running aft, crying incoherently. The captain muttered aghast, "The ghosts again," and hastened below. With rolicking recklessness, I went forward to investigate.

Sure enough! There on the fore-castle head stood two figures looming ghostly through the gloom. Spellbound, I watched them for what seemed an age. Suddenly they emitted a shriek and jumped over the windlass towards me. I did not wait to ask their business with me, but skeddaddled aft. When I reached the poop, the shrieking phantoms were at my heels. Seizing a pump-handle, I made a sweep at one of them as he was clambering up the poop-ladder. But I struck only air. The swing of the heavy bar nearly carried me overboard. Had the handle passed through an unsubstantial shade? Not! The ghost had dodged, and now was staggering in fright.

"Don't kill me, Mr. A—, I'm not a ghost—I'm only Sam."

The ghosts tore white sheets from their shoulders and stood disclosed—two dern shellbacks. Perhaps I didn't feel like slaughtering the pair of them for making such a fool of me! "Get forward, you scoundrels," I stormed. "Away with you, or I'll make ghosts of you for sure."

"Good heavens, sir, let us be!" they exclaimed. "The real ghosts were after us. Didn't you see 'em?"

"What are you fools frightened of? What are you giving us?" I roared.

"The ghosts are forward, sir, the real ghosts. They came up out of the water, dripping, ghastly. We'll never play ghosts again—never, sir!"

At that instant the pampero struck the brig, sheering through the rigging like a titanic of Lucifer. The captain sprang on deck, but there was nothing to do. The brig, under a single topsail, leaped like a race-horse before the squall. In an hour or so the pampero passed without doing any damage, and we started to set sail again. The mate called his watch to loose the jibs, but not a man would go on the boom.

"You can kill me, sir," said Sam, "but I won't go forward of the windlass. Them ghosts are waiting for us, sure. Last night the starboard watch played ghosts to frighten you, sir. To-night Bill and I were playing for the benefit of the second, but the real ghosts came over the bows and nearly napped us. Ask old Riley? He was watching the fun from the fore-castle, and he seen 'em rise behind us."

Those scared shellbacks got on the mate's nerves, and, in consequence, the jibs were not set till daylight.

When the cook turned out that morning, he found that his galley had been looted another time. Of course, he went for the crew, but those shellbacks had nothing to say. Somehow, I did not like it. If they had been in the galley their protestations would have been profuse enough. But they were plainly perplexed, and even appalled. "It must have been the real ghosts, this time," they muttered among themselves.

The following night I had charge of the deck from twelve to four. A while after two bells the ghosts began to declare themselves. Startling shrieks,

blood-curdling groans issued from the bows. My watch clambered on the poop; my hair crept all around my head. In a few minutes the mate's watch came piling out of the fore-castle like greased lightning. They ran to the poop, too, and huddling together, we listened with chattering teeth to the racket raised by the ghosts. After a time the ghostly sounds ceased, and we drew breath more freely. The sailors camped in the waist, but they did not sleep much.

In the morning there was a row in the fore-castle. Two men had lost their tobacco and pipes, and were blaming their shipmates. To accuse one's shipmate of robbery is a dangerous business. The mate, hearing the angry voices and fearing trouble, made enquiries. On his suggestion, the fore-castle was turned wrong side out, but neither pipes nor tobacco were found.

"The ghosts must have been here last night," said the mate. "They probably don't like the sort of smoke going among spirits and wanted a pull at a sailor's pipe."

The sailors cooled down at once. That day it blew a little, and we batted down hatches fore and aft. At night the sailors slept in the waist and stood their watches there, too. Even a handspike wouldn't persuade them to go forward to the fore-castle. At intervals the ghosts made their presence known.

Next morning when I opened the forepeak hatch, two haggard, hairy beings jumped on deck, clamoring for food and drink.

"The ghosts!" growled the men, running aft. I ran, too. The ghosts followed leisurely, laughing fit to split.

The captain was on the poop, and he blocked the retreat.

"Who the devil—what are these scoundrels?" he asked.

"The ghosts," says I, as solemn as seven Solomons.

"Yes," said the tall, lanky one, "we're the ghosts, and we're hungry and thirsty, too."

"How did you get aboard?" asked the old man.

"Over the bows. How do you suppose ghosts would come?"

"Blas't your impudence!" roared the old man. "I'll teach you to be funny with me. Get forward! I'm going to lock you in the carpenter-shop."

"But, captain, we're hungry and thirsty. For Heaven's sake, give us something to eat and drink."

"Get out," grinned the old man, "ghosts should live on air. Another word and I'll throw the both of you overboard."

Thereupon, he seized a handspike, drove them forward, and locked them in the dark and dingy carpenter-shop.

"Now, my fine lads," he said, "you'll have time to think over the foolhardiness of frightening honest folk."

Every half-hour the captain marched up and down by their prison, taunting them. They begged for something to eat, something to drink, but the old man had no pity for them.

"Ghosts shouldn't eat or drink," he laughed, ironically.

A while after dinner the prisoners changed their tactics.

"Captain," roared a deep, sepulchral voice audible all over the ship, "captain, you're a murderer. Why did you drown us that way and make it necessary for us to haunt the brig? You think we are stowaways, but we are not. Lord have mercy on your miserable soul, captain, but we are the ghosts of those drowned men sent to drive you from this ship."

The captain broke into a volley of oaths.

"You infernal rascals," he stormed; "I'll hale you out of there and knock 'em down the side of the ship."

He went into his cabin, got his keys and went forward to lick those fools. He opened the slide, looked in—and then drew back with a face as white as a sheet.

"Well, captain, what's the matter?" asked the mate. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"They're gone," exclaimed the old man, in a weak, tense voice.

The prisoners had indeed vanished like ghosts. No wonder the captain had turned white.

At three in the afternoon the brig anchored off the City of Montevideo.

Sure to Ask.

The Kind of Coffee When Postum is Well Made.

"Three great coffee drinkers were my old school friend and her two daughters."

"They are always complaining and taking medicine. I determined to give them Postum Food Coffee instead of coffee when they visited me, so without saying anything to them about it, I made a big pot of Postum the first morning, using four heaping teaspoons to the pint of water and let it boil twenty minutes, stirring down occasionally."

"Before the meal was half over, each one passed up the cup to be refilled, remarking how fine the coffee was. The mother asked for a third cup and enquired as to the brand of coffee I used. I didn't answer her question just then, for I had heard her say a while before that she didn't like Postum Food Coffee unless it was more than half old-fashioned coffee."

"After breakfast I told her that the coffee she liked so well at breakfast was pure Postum Food Coffee, and the reason she liked it was because it was properly made—that is, it was boiled long enough to bring out the flavor. I have been brought up from a nervous, wretched invalid to a fine condition of physical health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee."

"I am doing all I can to help the world out of coffee slavery to Postum freedom, and have earned the gratitude of many, many friends." Myra J. Taylor, 1923 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo.



"Say, dad, when I grow big I want to be a 'torshuist—you know, like a man in a circus what bands all up crooked—an' George By says I oughter die when I'm little—an' he says 'dite' means to eat purtikler things an' not nothin' else—an' now what'll I eat to make me a 'torshuist'?"

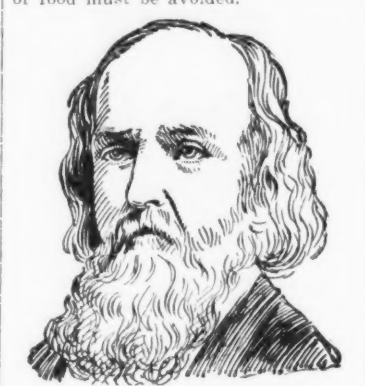
"Green apples, my son."

For Well People.

An Easy Way to Keep Well.

It is easy to keep well if we would only observe each day a few simple rules of health.

The all-important thing is to keep the stomach right, and to do this it is not necessary to diet or to follow a set rule or bill of fare. Such pampering simply makes a capricious appetite and a feeling that certain favorite articles of food must be avoided.



Prof. Wiechold gives pretty good advice on this subject. He says: "I am 68 years old, and have never had a serious illness, and at the same time my life has been largely an indoor one, but I early discovered that the way to keep healthy was to keep a healthy stomach, not by eating brain crackers or dieting of any sort; on the contrary, I always eat what my appetite craves, but for the past eight years I have made it a daily practice to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal, and I attribute my robust health for a man of my age to the regular daily use of Stuart's Tablets."

"My physician first advised me to use them because he said they were perfectly harmless, and were not a secret patent medicine, but contained only the natural digestives, pepsines and diastase, and after using them a few weeks I have never ceased to thank him for his advice."

"I honestly believe the habit of taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is the real health habit, because their use brings health to the sick and aids and preserves health to the well and strong."

Men and women past fifty years of age need a safe digestive after meals to insure a perfect digestion and to ward off disease, and the safest, best-known and most widely-used is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

They are found in every well-regulated household from Maine to California, and in Great Britain and Australia are rapidly pushing their way into popular favor.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, full sized packages at 50 cents, and for a weak stomach a fifty-cent package will often do fifty dollars' worth of good.

When Father Rode the Goat.

The house is full of arnica and mystery profound. We do not dare to run about. Or make the slightest sound; We leave the big piano shut; And do not strike a note; The doctor's been here seven times Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago—Got in at 4 a.m. And sixteen brethren brought him home. His wrist was sprained, and one big rip Had rent his Sunday coat—There must have been a lively time When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day And mending his signs—The halting signal, working grip. He mutters passwords, mends his breath. And other things he'll quote—They surely had an evening's work When father rode the goat.

He has a gorgeous uniform, All gold and red and blue. A hat with plumes and yellow braid. And gold-laced shoes too. But, somehow, when we mention it, He wears a look so grim We wonder if he rode the goat Or if the goat rode him. —Baltimore "American."

Light Refreshments.

Missionary—I hope I shall do you good. Cannibal—I guess you will; I've had my lunch, but you're just in time for my wife's five o'clock tea.—"Town Topics."

Fatal Obtuseness.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she. As they stood on the ball-room floor. He looked around the room to see—And she speaks to him no more. —Harlem "Life."

A Case Where Silence is Golden.

THE man was watering the front-yard grass with a hose. He was in his shirt sleeves and smoked a cigar. He looked comfortable. A cadaverous, middle-aged man came along, leaned against the iron fence and mopped his forehead.

"Giving it a drink, eh?" said he to the man with the hose.

"Yes," said the latter, good-naturedly. "Wetting her down a bit."

"Neat little bit of lawn, that," said the man outside the fence.

"Uh-huh," said the man with the hose. "Jolled the landlord into resodding it this spring. Then, after that, I wheedled him—or my wife did, for I never met the old duck—into scattering clover seed all over it, so that I've got it in pretty good shape now."

"Must have an easy landlord," commented the man leaning on the iron fence.

"Easy?" said the man with the hose, shifting his cigar to the other side of his face. "Well, say, that old gazabo is just pie, that's what he is—pie. Only way I can account for the easiness of that man is that he's looney, or that he's so rich that he don't know where to blow himself first."

"Go 'way!" said the man outside.

"Surest thing you know," said the man in his shirt sleeves. "I've only been living in that house about seven months, and if that old lunatic hasn't spent \$350 in repairs since I've been here he hasn't spent a cent."

"Well, I swan!" said the man outside.

"Fact," said the man with the hose. "And the beauty of it is I only pay \$45 a month for the house, whereas the folks all up and down the block living in exactly the same kind of houses, have to cough up their little \$55 as regularly as the moon goes around."

"Did you ever?" said the man outside the fence, taking a bandanna out of his hat and mopping his forehead.

"That's right," said the man with the hose. "I first moved in here—let's see, yes it was on the third of December. Knew I had a bargain in the house in just the shape it was then, but I believe in getting all I can in this life, and so I sent my wife down to the old idler's office to make some demands for repairs. First she tackled him for an entirely new furnace, and blamed it if he didn't come right to the front from the jump, and inside of ten days I had a furnace plan in this shack that's just a picture. Kept us as hot during the cold weather that it like to drove us out of doors."

"Well, well!" said the cadaverous man.

"Uh-huh," said the man in his shirt sleeves, biting off the end of a fresh cigar. "Then, that having been so easy, I told my wife that she might as well hit the old coddler up for gas logs both upstairs and down. She hit him up. Was it easy? Well, it was just like drinking chocolate ice cream soda on a hot night, that's all, and the man with the hose smiled very broadly.

"Then," he went on, "I got kind of grouchy with the porcelain bathtub. The bathtub was all right, but I'd seen some better ones in a plumber's window down-town, and I thought that I might as well have my wife ask for one of the best in the market. Got it hands down, and if there's a prettier porcelain tub within eight blocks of here, then I don't know it, that's all."

"Must be a bully landlord, that," said the man leaning against the iron fence.

"Yes, or clean out of his mind," said the fortunate tenant.

"John!" came a feminine voice from the second-story window.

"Wait a minute, I'm busy," said the shirt-sleeved man, in reply to the feminine voice. "Then, seeing that the old chap was of the sort that just loves to hurl his money at the little birds, I sent the wife down to sound him, early in the spring, on the subject of a complete repainting inside. Say, inside of four days after she tackled him, he'd turned if the painter weren't at work, and I'll bet they used 40 different kinds of tints that my wife picked out. Ever hear the like o' that?"

"I sure never did," said the man outside.

"Oh, John, just run up here a minute; I want to see you," came the feminine voice from the upper regions.

"Can't now, my dear; haven't finished watering the grass yet," replied the man in his shirt sleeves. "I was going to ask the pin-headed old landlord to let us have a new baby grand piano," he went on, addressing the man outside, "but I didn't want to be arrested for fraudulent practices, so I let him off light the next whack. Had my wife go down and strike him for a gas range for the kitchen. Well, sir, he sent one up that couldn't have stood him one penny less'n \$40; enough room in it to bake for a brigade o' cavalry, almost."

"Well, I wonder!" put in the cadaverous man outside.

"John," came the voice from above, "it's as little as you could do to drop that nose and come up here just for a second."

"Be up shortly," replied the man on the lawn. "Don't know what I'll ask the old chap for next," he went on, addressing the man outside, "but I guess I'll nail him for a couple of hundred of dollars."

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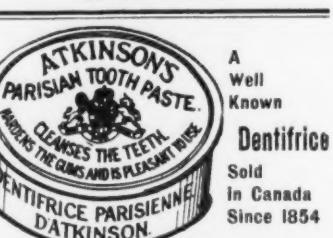
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dollars wherewith to go down to the seashore for a week or so with my family." And the man with the hose laughed uproariously.

"Good!" said the man outside. "Well, I guess I'll be going," and he walked off slowly down the street.

The man with the hose was still chuckling when his wife appeared at the front door.

"Such a bright, entertaining person you are, to be sure," she said to her husband.

"Huh?" he enquired.

"I say, I've seen such a brilliant individual for a husband," said his wife.

"Say, what are you talking about?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," she answered, cheerfully, "except that the old gentleman you've been telling your business to for the last half-hour—that's why I was calling you, to shut you up—is our landlord, and if you don't get notice of an increase in rent inside of 24 hours I'm not a prophetess nor a prophetess's sister, that's all."

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a little newer in style
and a little better
in quality than you
can get else-
where. If so
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From Debtor to Doctor.

Said a certain poor sick man named
Proctor,
"If I do not shortly get better
The calls of this fancy doctor Dr.
Will make me forever his Dr."
—Philadelphia "Press."

Curious Bits of News.

There is some talk of establishing a
women's college of matrimony, to be
located in Chelsea, England, where the
duties of a wife will become the subject
of a two years' course of study. The
curriculum will embrace not only the
usual branches of housewifery, such as
cooking, serving and laundry work, but
is intended to deal with physiology and
medicine as well.

English is the language of the Jap-
anese Foreign Office, both in its inter-
course with foreign diplomats and in its
telegraphic correspondence with its
own representatives abroad. All tele-
grams from Tokyo to the foreign agents
of Japan are written and ciphered in
English, and the replies are in the
same language. The "Yankers of the
East" evidently want their Western
civilization in the original packages.

The so-called respiration of plants is
a well-known botanical phenomenon.
Now, if we may credit "La Science
pour Tous," a Chilean botanist has dis-
covered a plant that not only breathes,
but also coughs and sneezes. "The
least grain of dust that alights on the
surface of one of its leaves will pro-
voke a cough. The leaf becomes red
and a spasmodic movement passes over
it several times in succession, while it
gives out a sound exactly like that of
sneezing."

"We now know that all the theses
which the first class in Harvard Col-
lege defended in 1642 are false," says
Edward Everett Hale; "their astro-
nomy was all wrong, their logic was all
wrong, their metaphysics were all
wrong." While we are priding our-
selves upon the intellectual successes
with which this century opens, it will
be wholesome to reflect that the men
of light and leading in 1642 were as
sure that they had the right of things
as we are to-day of our own science.

As a result of the Japanese Buddhist
mission to America, instituted a year
or so ago, a church called the "Dhar-
ma-Sangha of Buddha" has been estab-
lished in San Francisco, with three
branches in other Californian towns.
In the San Francisco temple there is a
membership of three hundred in the
Young Men's Buddhist Association,
mostly of Japanese. At an English ser-
vice on Sunday twenty or more "Am-
ericans" are present, of whom eleven
have already been converted to Budd-
hism, and have openly professed that
they "take their refuge in Buddha, in
his gospel and in his order."

Rebecca Wampler, said to be a hun-
dred years old, who died the other day
in Dublin, Ind., had met with many
accidents during her life. At the age
of six years she fell from a picket
fence and broke her finger. In 1852 she
broke her ankle, in 1865 she fell down
cellar and broke her collar-bone and
three ribs, in 1885 in a runaway while
returning from church she was thrown
from a vehicle and her right hip broken.
In 1888 she slipped and fell on the
pavement, breaking her left hip. In
1892 she broke her left leg at the knee.
In 1896 she fell from a tree, breaking
her left arm; in 1898 she fell out of bed,
breaking her right arm, and in 1900 she
broke her right hip for the second time.

The Baptist Church of Janesville,
Wis., has established what is called a
"Children's Church," the object of
which is to give the parents of young
children an opportunity to attend
church. During the morning service
young children who are too young to
attend church service have a ser-
vice of their own, conducted by the
young women in the Sunday school
rooms. They volunteer for the work,
and a different committee takes charge
of the little ones each Sunday. The
babies are amused with dolls and play-
things, while the work of interesting
the older children is conducted along
kindergarten lines. A large number of
children attend, and the children's
church is proving popular, many of
the little ones being unwilling to leave
when their mothers call for them at
the close of church.

Portable churches have followed the
portable schoolhouse. The Dutch Re-
formed Church of Pennsylvania is con-
sidering the advisability of adopt-
ing the children who are too young to
attend church service have a ser-
vice of their own, conducted by the
young women in the Sunday school
rooms. They volunteer for the work,
and a different committee takes charge
of the little ones each Sunday. The
babies are amused with dolls and play-
things, while the work of interesting
the older children is conducted along
kindergarten lines. A large number of
children attend, and the children's
church is proving popular, many of
the little ones being unwilling to leave
when their mothers call for them at
the close of church.

It is said by a correspondent of the
London "Telegraph" that the habits of
the Turkish ladies in Constantinople
are wonderfully fastidious. When they
wash their hands at a tap from which
water runs into a marble basin, they

Grape-Nuts and Cream.

An Ideal Hot Weather Breakfast.

The selection of food for hot weather
is an important question. We should
avoid an excess of fats, cut down the
butter ration and indulge more freely
in fruits and food easy of digestion.
One meat meal per day is sufficient
during hot weather.

An ideal breakfast is Grape-Nuts,
treated with a little cream (which, by
the way, supplies the necessary fat in
a very digestible form) a cup of Pos-
tum Cereal Food Coffee, hot, or if cold,
it should have a little lemon juice
squeezed in; then some fruit, either
cooked or raw; also perhaps two slices
of entire wheat bread with a very thin
spread of butter. A breakfast of this
sort is so perfectly adapted to the
wants of the system that one goes
through the heat of the day in com-
fort as compared with the sweaty, dis-
agreeable condition of one improperly
fed. Once put in practice, the plan will
never be abandoned during the hot
days, for the difference in one's per-
sonal comfort is too great to be easily
forgotten.

let the water run till a servant shuts it
off, as to do this oneself would
make them unclean. They cannot open
or shut a door, as the handle would be
unclean. One of these fastidious ladies
was talking to a small niece the other
day, who had just received a present
of a doll from Paris. By and by the
child laid the doll on the lady's lap.
She was horrified, and ordered the
child to take it away. As the little
girl would not move it, and no servant
was near, and the lady would be de-
fied by touching a doll that had been
brought from abroad, the only thing
she could think of was to jump up and
let the doll fall. It broke in pieces. The
same lady will not open a letter com-
ing by post, but a servant opens it and
holds it near for her to read. If her
husband falls, the ground it is
immediately destroyed or given away,
so that she may not again use it.
Among the men this curious state of
things does not exist.

Mr. Dooley on the Weather
Bureau.

"I'm goin' to make me apologies
to Clancy's leg," said Mr.
Dooley.

"Why's that?" asked Mr.
Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley,
"I've done it an' I'm sorry."

"I'll give it as a weather prophet. It's years
that rheumatic prod has been indicat-
in 'th' weather. If Clancy was seen
walkin' briskly down th' street ivry-
body up an' down th' road made plans
for a buggy ride. If Clancy come along
leanin' on a stick, they begun to keep
their eye on their umbrellas. Iver
since I was a young man, Clancy's leg
has tipped off rainstorms before they
got as far as th' Rocky Mountains, an'
manny a bark has it prevented fr'm
goin' out on th' canal whin th' sky was
clear overhead, but a twisht in th' knee
told Clancy a hurricane was brewin'
down below Lemont. That leg dealt in
anny kind iv weather, hot or cold, wet
or dry. Clancy used to make a verse
about it, 'that's th' use iv th' use iv
rainy'pina' he says. 'Divine cars an'
sorrow away. To-morrow, he says, 'th'
leg may be aisy, although it is, he
says, 'achin' to-day. People bought
their coal an' ice be Clancy's leg, ar-
ranged their parties an' mended their
roofs. It predicted th' hard frost iv
sixty-nine an' th' hot spell iv eighty-
eight. Th' night before th' big wind
come that blew down th' steep iv th'
church, ye cud hear Clancy howlin'
like a wolf, an' before th' heavy floods
two years ago he had to be wheeled
around in a chair for a week. I used to
laugh at th' people that watched that
old peg; but mind ye, if I was Mack, I'd
have the weather bureau take observa-
tions on Clancy's leg an' issue bulle-
tins. 'Clancy in gr-reet agny. Look
out fr' storms on th' lakes.' Or: 'Clan-
cy wint to a dance last night. Con-
tinued fair an' clear, with light
southwesterly breeze.' I wud so.

"Las' Pooth iv March, Mack sint fr'
th' la-gad that r-runs th' weather bu-
reau an' says he, 'Pro-fessor,' says he,
'what kind iv weather ar-re ye goin'
to give us to-morrow?' he says, 'Can I
wear me plug hat?' says he. 'Ye cud
go in tissue-paper,' says th' pro-fes-
sor. 'Since th' Lord sint you an' me to
bless this gran' country,' he says, 'there
never was seen such a fine day
as to-morrow will be,' he says. 'Th'
sun will shine in th' boochus sky,' he
says, 'an' th' bur-ris will carrol fr'm
th' three,' he says. 'Twill be a glory-
ous day, an' ye'll be glad,' he says.
'That ye give me th' job,' he says. Well,
Mr. Clancy come to see me th' night
before, an' he says, 'What illiv-
ye?' says I. 'Me leg,' says he. 'Th'
weather's got into it,' he says. 'Th'
goin' to rain a diluge,' he says. 'But,'
says I, 'th' arya iv low barometer is
stationary over Texas an' th' arya iv
high barometer is tearin' around in th'
neighborhood iv Goshen, Indiana,' I
says. 'How can it rain?' says I. 'I
don't care,' says he. 'Th' goin' to
rain,' he says. Well, sir, d'ye remem-
ber, Mack had to go on a life-pre-
server before he got half-way through
telling what he'd done fr' us. 'Twas a
gr-reet victory fr' Clancy's leg. I don't
know what th' pro-fessor said about it.
Maybe he blamed it onto th' Popy-
lists. But anyhow, he wint back to
his wurk an' I begun to believe in
him agin. Fr' th' weather got good.
'I've been thinkin' it over, Hunsey,
an' I come to th' conclusion that
there's two kinds iv weather, human
weather an' weather-bureau weather.
No wan knows what causes human
weather. Hogan says th' seasons is
caused be th' sun movin' fr'm th'
thropic iv Cancer to th' thropic iv Cap-
sicorn, an' whin 'tis in wan place we
suffer fr'm th' cold, an' that's winter,
an' whin 'tis in th' other place we
suffer fr'm th' heat, an' that's summer.
Hogan says it, but Hogan can't tell ye
why, if that's so, th' days don't get
hotter fr'm March straight through
to October. Some people says th' sum-
mer's caused be fires in th' bow'l's iv
th' earth, where hell used to be whin I
was a boy; but if ye believe that, why
ain't we cooked th' year around? Pat-
her Kelly thinks 'th' spots on th'
sun does it, an' Schwartzmeister thinks
'tis th' brewer's agent. Ivrybody has
a guess, an' wan man's guess is as
good as another. That's our weather.
Th' weather bureau ought to have it
alone an' shtick to its own, that rains
whin they're a high pressure in Maine,
an' snows whin they're a low pressure
in Texas. Th' weather bureau weather
is good parlor weather, but th' kind
we have to drive street cars in is
out-iv-dure weather, subject to all th'
rigors iv th' climate. Th' weather bu-
reau's weather is on a map, an' our
weather is in th' air. That's why th'
pro-fessor falls an' Clancy's leg is a
gr-reet success. 'Tis an out-iv-dure
leg."

"I don't believe in anny kind iv
weather prognostications," said Mr.
Hennessy.
"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if I was
goin' into th' business, I niver wud
prophesy till th' day after."

Honesty Pays.

Jim—Honesty is th' best policy
arter all.

Bill—How?

Jim—Remember that dog I stole?

Bill—Yes.

Jim—Well, I tried two hull days to
sell 'im, an' no one offered more'n bob!
So I went, like a honest man, an'
gav 'im to th' ole woman what owned
'im, an' she gav me ten.—"Fun."

Giant Tortoises.

FOUR giant tortoises have recently
been added to the reptile collec-
tion of the Zoological Gardens in
Bronx Park, New York. They
are from the Galapagos Islands, in the
Southern Pacific Ocean, and differ from
any tortoises native to Europe, Asia,
Africa, or America.

These enormous tortoises are living
reminders of the age of giant reptiles.
They represent the sole survivors of
the gigantic cold-blooded creatures
whose massive bones in the different
scientific museums illustrate the won-
ders of the Pliocene Age. In that age
lizards attained a length of four feet
and more, and possessed strength
enough to tear down small trees in or-
der to browse upon their leaves. All
reptilian life was gigantic in propor-
tion, and a comparison of an ordinary
tortoise of the present day with one of
the giant tortoises shows the decadence
of the reptile race. The average land
tortoise of Europe or America, for in-
stance, weighs five pounds, while the
largest tortoise at Bronx Park weighs
310 pounds.

There are fourteen distinct species
of the giant tortoise. Of these, six in-
habit the Galapagos Islands, four the
Aldabra Islands and four the Mauri-
tius-Rodriguez group. All the species
are rapidly becoming extinct, and re-
putable scientific authorities have de-
clared several species to be entirely ex-
tinct for some time. On the continents
of Europe, Asia and Africa these crea-
tures are represented only by fossil re-
mains; the living individuals are con-
fined entirely to the islands mentioned.

To procure these reptiles a number of
expeditions have been planned. The
first of these resulting in the arrival of
specimens in this country was made by
the United States ship "Albatross." The
specimens procured were placed in the
National Museum at Washington. In
1812, long before the visit of the "Al-
batross," the United States ship "Es-
sex" had explored the islands of the
Galapagos group, and two large tor-
toises were captured and presented to
the South Sea Island chief. In 1859 these
same reptiles were obtained by Walter
Rothschild, and were shipped by him to
London.

In 1897 Mr. Rothschild despatched his
expedition for giant tortoises to the
Galapagos Islands. The total expense
of this expedition was \$16,500. Fifty-
nine tortoises were procured, but none
exceeded 100 pounds in weight. All the
islands were visited. On Duncan Island twenty-seven speci-
mens were captured, representing a
species scientifically known as Testudo
ephippium. The tortoises collected in
this expedition were taken to London
in 1898 by Frank B. Webster of Boston.
As a special exhibit in a zoological con-
tainers then in progress they excited
great interest, and their owner finally
distributed them among the zoological
gardens of Europe.

In 1900 twenty tortoises from the Gal-
apagos Islands were landed in San
Francisco by a Captain Noyes. Mr.
Webster, acting as special agent for
Mr. Rothschild, purchased all the rep-
tiles. A number were lost in shipment
to San Francisco, but six reached
Boston alive. These six, together with
reached specimens of Testudo vicina and
Mycrophys. The specimens were then
shipped to London, where they arrived
in good condition.

The third and by far the largest lot
of these reptiles arrived in San Fran-
cisco early this summer. This lot con-
sisted of twenty-four specimens. They
had been brought in a schooner from
the Galapagos Islands by Captain Wil-
liam Johnson of San Francisco. Three
of the tortoises in this lot are the
largest ever captured, weighing more
than three hundred pounds each.

F. B. Webster purchased this lot of
tortoises, and shipped them to his place
in Hyde Park. On the way three of
them died. One of the three largest
specimens was purchased by the New
York Zoological Society, together with
four smaller ones. Six specimens have
been purchased by Mr. Rothschild, two
go to Count Peracca, in Italy, and the
remainder will probably be disposed
of among zoological institutions.

The five giant tortoises at the New
York Zoological Gardens now occupy a
plot of long grass opposite the reptile
house. In the mornings they are often
let out of their enclosure to browse
about at will. In the heat of the day
they sleep in the shadow of a piece of
tarpaulin that has been spread to shel-
ter them from the sun.

The principal article of diet with
these strange creatures is the cactus,
but they feed on all sorts of vegetation,
and seem to thrive.

These tortoises live to a great age.
There is one in captivity known to be
127 years old, and it was first grown
when caught. The largest of the col-
lection at Fordham is supposed to have
attained the great age of two hundred
years.

The dimensions of this enormous tor-
toise are: Length of shell, on curve, 4
feet 3 inches; width of shell, on curve,
1 foot 7 inches; height, 29 inches;
weight, 310 pounds. This giant was
caught in the crater of an extinct vol-
cano. To carry it thence to the shore
were required the efforts of fourteen
men for twelve days. A stretcherlike
carrier was improvised, and the rep-
tile placed upon it.

Next winter a special tortoise house
will be ready at the east end of the
present reptile house. There the giant
tortoises will be housed from the cold,
and a glass roof will give them the full
benefit of the sun.

The Bishop Thought Only the Lay
Brethren Could do the Occasional
Justice.

"I heard a capital joke lately at
the expense of a well-known bishop
in one of the Northwestern States,"
said the Occasional Contributor in the
Chicago "Herald," naming the bishop.

"He was on a fishing excursion with a
few choice friends. The sport was
fine, the camp fare excellent, and the
party thoroughly congenial. In an
hilarious moment one of the men ex-
claimed:

"Now, if we only had some whiskey
we would be perfectly happy."

"The good bishop was in a merry
mood and responded jocularly:

"I have a small flask, but, unfor-
tunately, there is only enough for one
drink. However, the one who catches
the first fish can have it."

"There was joyful hurrah from the
thirsty crowd, and they all flocked

DRINK

LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA

and you will be one of the many who enjoy it.

Lead Packages

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents

down to the lake and hung in their
baited hooks.

"The bishop was the successful an-
gler, and, after landing the finny
beauty, he drew the precious flask
from his pocket and unscrewed the
silver top, but just as he raised it to
his lips it slipped through his fingers,
crashed on to a rock, and was shiv-
ered into a thousand fragments.

"The bishop looked aghast at the
little pool of liquor that was trickling
in tiny streams over the stone, and
then, turning apologetically to the
consternated crowd, said in a voice
slightly shaken from its accustomed
calm:

"Will one of the lay brethren make
a few remarks?"

Shuffle and Cut.

Perceiving now that the block was
inevitable, the noble prisoner be-
thought him of suicide.

"Shall I shuffle off this mortal coil?"
mused he.

But the executioner, being a man of
some wit, withheld, divined his thought.

"You shuffle after I cut!" quoth this
functionary, briefly.

The duke was silent at this. It was
not his grace's wont to bandy words
with one from the commonalty.—De-
troit "Journal."

Duty and Pleasure.

The Words of Emile Arsenault in Ac-
knowledging His Gratitude to Dodd's
Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cured Him of
Dyspepsia, Like They Have Cured so
Many Others—He Is Recommending
Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to His Friends.

Again comes the news of a cure of
chronic Dyspepsia by Dodd's Dyspepsia
Tablets, in the Quebec village of
Ruisseau Le Blanc.

Emile Arsenault suffered with all
the misery of bad digestion and stom-
ach weakness for many years. He was
unable to eat without suffering for it
afterwards. No matter how hungry,
how much in need of food he was, he
knew that whatever he ate would be
like lead in his stomach, and pain him
for hours after.

All sorts of remedies and medicines
were tried before Dodd's Dyspepsia
Tablets. All sorts of remedies and
medicines but Dodd's Dyspepsia Table-
ts utterly failed to help him. No
wonder he couples the words "plea-
sure" and "duty" in expressing his
gratitude for Dodd's Dyspepsia Table-
ts, the medicine that did help him.

"I feel it at once a pleasure and a
duty to say that Dodd's Dyspepsia
Tablets have proven a blessing to me.
I suffered from the miserable malady
Dyspepsia for many years, during
which I was unable to eat anything
without pain.

"I tried all the other medicines and
treatments, without relief. Dodd's Dys-
pepsia Tablets helped me from the
first box. I no longer suffered after
meals. I found I could digest food
which before using Dodd's Dyspepsia
Tablets I didn't touch.

"I am now entirely free from any
symptom of Dyspepsia, can relish and
digest all wholesome food, and can say
I am highly satisfied with my expe-
rience of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

A Day in a Country Post-office.

"SAL said tell ye t' hunt aroun'
good, th' ort t' be a letter
bye fer fer."

The speaker of this declara-
tion stood on tiptoe, craned his neck
and looked in through the delivery
window of a first-class fourth-class
post-office down in Egypt and unwill-
ingly treated the clerk to an inhalation
of carbonic gas perfumed with on-
ions, tobacco, sorghum molasses and
other aromatics. There was no letter
"fer Sal" to be found, not even in the
waste basket, and as the youngster
turned away his looks told me that my
reputation for veracity and honesty
was not universal.

"Sal" is only one of many who have
vague ideas regarding the postal
branch of Uncle Sam's business. Post-
masters and their clerks are often held
accountable for non-receipt or slow
transit of mail. Yet the country post-
master is regarded as the fountain-
head of information in his com-
munity, and is consulted on vari-
ous and unlimited subjects from
the infants' diseases to matrimony
—and back again—and not infre-
quently he receives enquiries from
points outside his immediate jurisdic-
tion. Some time ago a postmaster re-
ceived a letter from a man in an ad-
joining county, asking him "t' look out
fer my speckled pup with a stump
tail," which, he alleged, had been stol-
en, and to arrest the thief and hold
him till he came. Unfortunately for
this man the said postmaster's corps of
public detectives were all employed at
that time and neither the pup, his
stump tail, nor the thief were appre-
hended.

"Lemme see some o' yer stamps,"
said a fellow who had doubtless never
been private secretary to a magnetic
healer. I laid out some of the different
kinds for his inspection. "These red
uns is worth two cents, ain't they?"
These green uns ain't worth but one
cent, air they? Ain't they just as good
as the red uns?" I told him they were
very nice stamps indeed, but accord-
ing to the postal regulations and Rob-
inson's arithmetic two ones were re-
quired where one two would do. He
took a "red un" and handed it to me
with his letter requesting me to stamp
and "back" it for him. "In what state
is the town?" I asked him. "Well, I'll
decide," he said. "I've plumb forgot
what state it's in, but it's summers in
Arkansas." I "backed" the letter and
dropped it in the box and received the

usual admonition "t' be sure an' send
it on the first train." By way of a
parting remark he said: "Say, you fel-
lows make a heap o' profit sellin'
stamps, don't ye?" I told him we
didn't average over seventy-five per
cent. He looked incredulous, but left
without further words.

Ignorance of postal regulations
makes humorous incidents of every-
day occurrence. Occasionally a cus-
tomer tries to "Jew down" the post-
master on the price of stamped envel-
opes. Failing in this, he threatens to
bestow his patronage elsewhere, and
departs with a bitter feeling for post-
masters and millionaires, terms which
though regarded as synonymous by
him are often widely divergent.

Letters are often uniquely "backed."
I noticed one addressed to the "N. K.
Fairbanks Company, New York, Chi-
cago, St. Louis, Kansas City." An in-
coming letter was addressed to "Granny
Goddard, Bill Goddard's maw."

Before the present form of order
came into use, money orders were often
mistaken for receipts and carried in
pockets for weeks.

A country post-office affords an in-
teresting and varied experience, often-
times amusing, sometimes vexatious,
and not infrequently pathetic. The
postmaster is called upon to read and
write letters on all subjects, and there-
by gains possession of secrets such as
are prized highly by members of sewing
circles where gossiping is prohibited.
In a country



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office, } Main 1709
{ Editorial Rooms, }

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$2 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 14.

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1901.

NO. 38.



THE fear that Henley will become "Americanized," or perhaps I should say "Yankeeized," and that the Grand Challenge Cup, originally intended to encourage English sportsmen, should be turned into an international event, has aroused considerable discussion in England. The Head of Eton has written a dignified protest against introducing foreign competition and professional methods into the Henley events, and many of the leading English sportsmen have declared that to debar foreigners now would be acknowledging a weakness and showing a streak of "yellow."

In accusing the Yankee athletes of professionalism, the Britisher does not mean that they compete for money—in that sense they are strictly amateurs—but the time they spend and the training they undergo are suitable only for men who intend making a living out of sport or who have nothing else to occupy their time. It is obviously unfair to ask crews organized and trained as the English crews are, to compete against a crew in such perfect physical condition as was the Yankee eight in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. As a London paper remarked at the time, "it was style alone that saved Leander from defeat."

As soon as the defeat of the Pennsylvania eight was wired to this side of the Atlantic our neighbors across the line began to talk of forming a crew of the best men in the country and sending it over to "Merrie England." The Yankees evidently want that cup, and unless the Britishers institute the talked-of international races on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake, they will get it by some means or other; it doesn't seem to matter how, as long as they land the silverware.

The Seawanaka Cup will stay in Canada for one more year at any rate, and probably longer than that, if a past record is any basis for judgment. Mr. Dugan has been singularly successful in his defence of this trophy, and rather makes our own performances in connection with the Canada Cup suffer by comparison. This last win makes the seventh time that Canada, through Mr. Herriek Dugan, has proved her right to possess the Seawanaka Cup.

The "Grey Friar," the English challenger, made a poorer showing than any of the Yankee boats that have previously competed. Mr. Currie, the owner of the "Grey Friar," claims that his boat would have made a very much better showing in a stronger wind. What is considered a moderate breeze here is, so he says, counted a partial calm in the land of roast beef and plum pudding. Any way, he is satisfied that he has a good boat, and is going to take it over to "our American cousins" and see if he can't find a breeze to his liking in the region of the cyclone and tornado.

The Toronto Canoe Club got its eye on a trophy last year when up at the American Canoe Association meet on Lake Rousseau. It is the beautiful shield which represents the war canoe championship of America, and which takes two consecutive wins to make it the property of any club. Last year the crew won the first race for this trophy and are going to try to duplicate the win and carry off the shield this year. That the club has a good bunch to pick from they proved at the Pan-Am., and they are all training hard down on the bay to be in good shape when they go to Gananoque. The races will be held August 10th, and by that time the crew ought to be showing the form that will bring another international championship to Toronto.

The cable notification, and later the letter of explanation, which stated that the British tennis players would be unable to get together a representative team this year to send to America, has caused many expressions of regret. The Yankees knew that the English players had made every effort to get together a team and that it was an unfortunate combination of circumstances and not any unwillingness on the part of the Britishers to meet them that caused the English players to cancel the arrangements.

Davis and Ward knew before leaving England that R. F. Doherty had had a touch of sunstroke, and that his brother would refuse to come without him, so the breaking off of negotiations was not altogether a surprise. From the tone of their letter it is understood that the Britishers will challenge next year, and if they do there is no doubt that their challenge will be accepted and some great tennis will be the outcome.

The Eastern championship in lawn tennis doubles was completed at Boston last Saturday. Leo Ware and Beals Wright were the winners of the title, defeating Hobart and Larned. This gives them the right to play Little and Alexander, the Western champions, at Newport this month. The winners of this match will probably challenge Davis and Ward for the national championship in doubles.

Here is an "American" aquatic effusion: "Yankee Doodle built a yacht, to be the cup defender; every time she sailed a race, it took a week to mend her."

THE REFEREE.



THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB'S CHAMPION FOUR.

These are four of the T.C.C. representatives in their Dean canoe who made such a splendid showing at the American Canoe Association's races at the Pan-American last month.

Explaining a Joke.

PEOPLE who are slow to catch the point of a joke often derive great amusement from it in the end. This is illustrated in Mr. George Horton's recently published novel, *Like Another Helen*. John Curtis, a Yankee who has gone to Crete to fight for the Cretans in their revolt against Turkish authority, arrives with his companions outside a small mountain village. Curtis has had a foot injured and is very lame.

"The group was by this time surrounded by the entire population of the town, or as much of it as was not out in the vineyards or on the hills with the sheep and the goats. Curtis rose on one leg.

"Behold the human stork," he exclaimed in English, because he did not know the Greek for 'stork.'

Greek companion of Curtis explained the joke at length. "What does he say?" asked the demarch. Michali (a 'He compares himself to a stork, because a stork usually stands on one leg. He, being lame, and unable to stand on both legs, rests his entire weight on one, like a stork.' "But he does not at all resemble a stork," objected several voices.

"They say you do not resemble a stork," explained the interpreter.

"Oh, thanks! But I was joking. Don't you Cretans understand a joke?"

"He says he is joking, and he fears we do not understand a joke."

"It is a joke, my children," cried the demarch. "An American joke, and it is the part of hospitality and politeness to laugh," whereupon he smote the table with his mighty palm and burst into a roar of Olympian laughter. The constituency looked on in silent amazement.

"Laugh, you donkeys!" cried the demarch. "Laugh, I command you. Are we uncivilized, like the Turks? And he strode threateningly towards the group, which broke in all directions and darted for cover. They laughed, however, long and conscientiously at first, but ere they had ceased, a genuine ring crept into their mirth. The priest and the demarch assisted Curtis to his temporary residence. On the way shookheaded boys looked out at him from over ruined walls of adobe and cobblestones, and pointing their fingers, cried, 'There goes the stork!' and girls, peeping from behind doors or pushing their blooming faces through screens of trellised vine, giggled. 'How are you, Mr. Stork?'

"Curtis' name was seldom asked in the mountains of Crete. He was known and is to this day as Kyrios Pelargos—Mr. Stork. As soon as opportunity presented, he made a new head in his notebook and entered the following observation: 'Character of the modern Cretans. First: Extraordinary sense of humor.'

Uncomfortable Travel.

THE discomforts of trans-Siberian railway travel are described by Rev. F. E. Clark in "A New Way Around an Old World." The best cars run at the time of his visit were marked "fourth class," and he quietly remarks that they were "no better than they pretended to be." They had wooden seats of the hardest sort, and three wooden shelves, one above another, afforded cramped opportunity for a man not more than five feet long to stretch himself out. Each of these cars, with its three tiers of shelves, is supposed to accommodate forty-three passengers.

"Into these cars were crowded, helter-skelter, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, Russians and Siberians, muzhiks, and Chinamen, Tartars, Burials, and Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Americans. Odors indescribable made the air thick and almost murky. The stench, the dirt, the vermin grew worse the longer the car was inhabited. And in these dreadful cars we had to remain for four weary days and nights. During these long and weary days we were obliged to get what diversion we could from our fellow passengers. We watched the mother who combed her offspring's hair with a carving-knife, with which she made vigorous onslaught on the numerous inhabitants that had taken shelter there, while we shuddered as we thought of the coming night in close proximity. We were interested in the other mother, who did her daily washing in a pint cup, and hung it out to dry on the upper bunk. We were fascinated by the soldiers who performed their morning ablutions by taking a large mouthful of water from a teapot, then, squirting it on their hands, vigorously washed their faces. In the midst of the filth and discomfort of this hard journey, I must record that we met many courtesies and kindnesses from the most un-

promising of our fellow travellers. Some of the peasants were ladies and gentlemen at heart, who would incommode themselves to add to our comfort. They were never intemperate or noisy, and in genuine politeness could have given many points to certain members of our party who prided themselves on belonging to a nation noted for its good manners."

The Jester.

A Jester, a winner of empty laughter,
Grew sick of life and the seasons four.
Of sea and sky and the seasons four.
"I will die," he said, "as my mirth is dying.
Lie down as the fallen tree is lying
On the bosom of Earth: I will hear no more
The madman's laughter, the sage's sighing."

The Jester went when his mood was sorest
Into the heart of the autumn forest;
Round him and past him in nerveless haste
The dead leaves whirled in a helpless eddy.
"Here," said the Jester, "the world makes ready
To die as gladly as I, to waste
Like wine that's spilled from a cup unsteady."

He lay in the leaves, and a sound of laughter
Rang through the forest; before him, after,
Around, above him the laughter swept.
A girl came berrying down the hedges,
The wind dropped dead at the forest edges.
As a lamb drops dead from the mountain ledges.
The woman came, and the man that slept
In the Jester out of the dead leaves leapt.
He snatched her hands, and her heart he kept.
—Nora Chesson in London "Outlook."

Is Telepathy Possible?

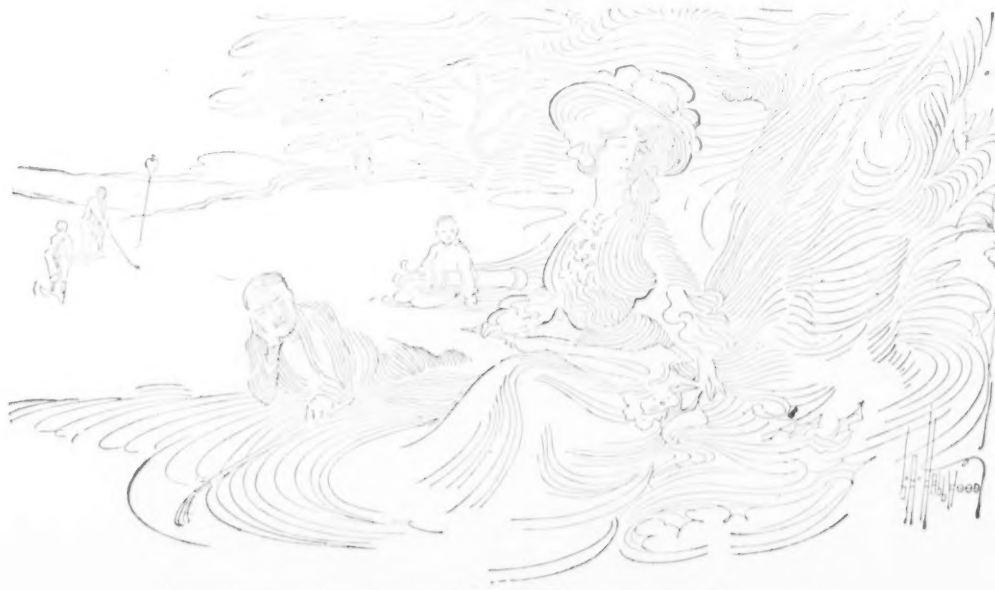
FACT and Fable in Psychology is the name of a book recently published by Professor Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin. It is a book that Dr. Andrew Wilson, the British scientist, thinks will serve as a cold douche to minds that have taken up with telepathy, clairvoyance, and other forms of mysticism. Dr. Wilson calls particular attention to the chapter on mental telegraphy. Professor Jastrow asks his readers to bring to bear on the question of mental telegraphy the same cool reasoning powers which they focus upon any matter in their ordinary lives. If they will examine into the wonderful phenomena of alleged communication with minds at a distance outside the ordinary channels of the penny post, telegraph, telephone, and M. Marconi, these details may be reduced to very commonplace proportions indeed.

Prof. Jastrow thinks that many curious happenings that people have been trying to explain on the basis of telepathy can be accounted for as mere coincidences. A man becomes interested in a particular study. Then, in a short time, unconsciously to himself, he obtains details longed for and wished for in a fashion that will often startle him. This is not because, as Mr. Jastrow puts it, the world has become telepathically aware of his needs and proceeds to attend to them, but because the man's quickened attention has succeeded in grasping a great many facts and details he otherwise would have missed. Coincidence will explain a great many things, and will often startle us exceedingly.

Mark Twain told the story in "Harper's," in 1891, about a coincidence whereby Mr. W. H. Wright wrote him a letter suggesting a literary venture analogous to one written by Mark Twain to Mr. Wright. The letters, I think, crossed in the post. On the theory of mental telegraphy, who was the telegraphist, and who the recipient, or was it mutual telegraphy which resulted in the interchange of similar ideas? Mr. Jastrow was himself reading Mark Twain's recital, and as he lifted his eyes from the page he saw on his desk a visiting-card bearing the name "W. H. Wright." This Mr. Wright was a gentleman Mr. Jastrow had met a few hours before, and whom he had not again seen. Had he not been reading the article the visiting-card would have had no significance, and "there would have been no coincidence to record." Yet the card incident is in its way as wonderful, perhaps, as Mark Twain's original story.

Then there is another consideration which Prof. Jastrow thinks the unbiased student of mental telegraphy will not

Too Early Yet.



The first game of golf was played in Scotland over 500 years ago.
Wonder if they've found any of the balls yet that were used in the first game.

fail to note. We live in a mentally busy world, wherein the interchange of thoughts and ideas far exceeds that which was possible in the days of our fathers. So many more people to-day than in former epochs are thinking about similar things of common interest that coincidences of startling kind must rather be the rule than the exception with us.

Finally comes the personal equation in the story. Is it possible to find two witnesses in a court of law, testifying to the same event, agreeing in every particular? We all know it is extremely improbable, and, with allowance for the personal equation, for individual variations in observing-powers, and for other features on which correctness of testimony depends, we have to discount a good many details given in stories of mental telegraphy, as in recitals of allied kinds, dealing with alleged supernatural manifestations. "The longer I live, the more firmly am I convinced that a source of error that may easily land one in the region of the incredible, in respect of stories weird and wonderful, is the habit of unconscious exaggeration which marks the progress and evolution of their details." "The cases," says Mr. Jastrow, "cannot be explained as they are recorded, because as recorded they do not furnish the essential points upon which the explanation hinges."

The author of Fact and Fable in Psychology has not, proved, of course, that thought transference is impossible; the burden of proof rests on the telepathists. But in Dr. Andrew Wilson's opinion, he has shown that even the best attested cases are surrounded with improbability.

Should Love-Letters be Published?

THE publishing of love-letters is certainly a severe penalty upon greatness. The reading public has had, during the past year, ample opportunity to devour many an epicurean feast of literary delicacies supplied by the energetic publisher. When those impassioned and beautiful letters which passed between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett first appeared, there was some questioning as to the good taste of making them public. Those who admired the two writers and revered their love for each other, hesitated to pry into their inner life. Yet the fascination of the letters was great and the temptation to read almost irresistible. Since then so many other series have been made common property that whatever scruples there were among book-buyers seem to have disappeared, and each new collection is read with avidity. We now learn that a box full of Dickens' letters to the lady who afterwards became his wife will shortly be given to the public, and that other collections are being prepared.

Think, the New York "Outlook" beseeches us, how the writers of these intimate and tender epistles would have shuddered had they known that some day their words would be perused, analyzed, and discussed by unknown thousands, and treated as valuable data in the disclosure of the personalities of their authors. Imagine a sensitive, refined man of letters pausing, while wrought up by the delicate, tender emotion of love, and thinking that the time would come when his letters, so sacred and hallowed, would be read by many other eyes than hers, that the sweetest and most tender of his sentiments, recorded on those pages, would some day lose their privacy and be considered "literary side-lights!"

The love-letters of Victor Hugo, for instance, have been estimated as being a "tedious iteration of love-assurances, eager passions, or spasms of jealousy," and a critic has said that their intrinsic merit does not warrant publication except in so far as they "can gratify readers eager for the outpouring of a lover almost frenzied with impatience!" Another critic remarks of them: "From the literary point of view the whole of this correspondence suffers from the confident sentimentality of youth." Is it imagined that they were written from "the literary point of view," or that the woman addressed would be critical of their "confident sentimentality?" They were the outpourings of her lover to her, and as such served their purpose. It was certainly not their purpose to satisfy future critics. These letters are considered especially valuable because they were evidently not intended to be seen by other eyes than the girl Hugo loved, and it is understood that he had often entreated her to burn them. But she saved them as precious relics, and now the public rejoices.

The publication of lives and letters of literary men is entirely legitimate, for in these letters there are revelations of the personal side of the writer such as he is willing to make to his friends, and when a man writes professionally for the public and achieves success, he belongs, in a way, to the public. His readers are his friends, and they have a certain claim upon him. Yet the love-passion of his life is a thing apart and should be held sacred.

The fault is not wholly with the publishers, because these love-letters of well-known literary men are undoubtedly interesting and valuable, and—business is business. Nor is it wholly a question of unscrupulous and too thrifty heirs, for, after all, the demand causes the supply, and the general reading public seems eager thus to pry into the heart-privacies of people who interest it. One cannot place the responsibility in any particular place, and all that can be said about the subject is that this taste, so recently formed, is regrettable, and that it is not quite fair or loyal to the writers whose works have brought us benefit and pleasure, and who have given us as much of themselves as they felt willing we should have. If we knew that they wished us to read their love-letters, would we respect them as much? And if we know that these men would never for a moment have thought of allowing their letters to be made public, how can we bring ourselves thus to trespass?

Unconscious Soliloquies.

THE London "Globe," discussing unconscious soliloquies, says that one of the best known exponents of this style of oratory was a former Lord Dudley and Ward. We are told that on one occasion, when the Duke and Duchess of Clarence were dining with him, he was heard to soliloquize: "What a bore these royalties are! I wonder whether I ought to ask her to take wine, as I should any other woman?" Toward the close of dinner he said to the Duchess, "May I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?" "With much pleasure, my lord," was the answer, "but I have already had one with you." "The brute! and so she has!" was the perfectly audible comment. When his guests of that evening were King and Queen, Lord Dudley dined with them at the pavilion, where he found a sad falling-off from the Lucullus-like banquets of their predecessor. "What a change!" moralized Dudley, aloud, "cold pates and hot champagne!" On another occasion he was calling on a lady, and—as is related of him on yet another occasion—in a fit of absence imagined that he was at home and she the visitor. "I wonder," he remarked, impatiently, when he had already stayed a considerable time, "I wonder when this tiresome woman will go away!"

An almost more amusing instance of unconscious soliloquy during a tete-a-tete with a lady is told by the famous physician, Dr. Freud. It was in the old convivial days, and the doctor was summoned one evening from a rather too festive board to the bedside of a lady patient. He felt her pulse "secundum artem," but for the life of him could not count its beats. "Drunk, by jove!" he soliloquized, and pulled himself together sufficiently to order some harmless mixture. His delight may be imagined when the next morning, instead of an indignant dismissal from further attendance, he received from his patient a confession that he had diagnosed her complaint quite correctly.

Talking of novelists, a popular English lady writer achieved the other week something of a feat. For some time past she has been turning out a steady thousand words a day for publication serially in certain newspapers. "Last week," according to the "Outlook," "she did her seven thousand words as usual and presented her husband with a fine infant into the bargain. Simple though it may seem, this requires a little doing."

An Unenthusiastic Tourist.

BEING THE IMPRESSIONS OF DON AND HIS PARTNER, RHEU, ON A TRIP TO EGYPT, PALESTINE AND ITALY.

IX.—Memphis and the Tomb of the Bulls.

ONE day I joined a Cook's excursion to go up the Nile and see the pyramids and the tombs of the Bulls and the remains of Memphis. Tourist managers are indispensable in an Oriental country, for otherwise the most experienced traveller would find it difficult to get about without being the victim of extortion. The ride along the Nile in a little steam-launch was delightful, for it was early in the morning, and nature wore its most serene and lovely garb. The palms, slightly ruffled by a matin breeze, seemed to be full of the mystery and stories of ancient times. The fellaheen, naked and obsequious, desired to be of assistance, and the cry of bakshesh was never out of our ears.

After some three hours' ride on the launch, the queerly assorted party were allotted to various donkey drivers of all sorts and conditions, both as to donkeys and drivers. On account of my size and weight I was allotted to a reasonably large donkey, and at the same time got a driver who proved very interesting.

Through grain fields and by the homes of the people who as slaves of the Egyptian Government were wretches whose lot should be commiserated, we reached the ancient city of Memphis. I have memories of Memphis, Egypt, which is the liveliest sort of a place, but Memphis, Tenn., is an inundated city of the dead. We had luncheon there, which we had carried with us, and partook of in a shadow of a structure built of pine. After it was over, the guide which Cook had provided for us took us inside the building. While I admitted even then that one has to employ Cook or some other tourist company while travelling in the Orient, I became very much interested in the individuality of the guide who had been sent out to explain the various things which we had expected to see. He was a tall and raw-boned Arab, and his knowledge of English seemed to be confined to a few guide-book phrases with which he had grown familiar. Inside the wooden shanty there was a recumbent statue of Ramesses II., and when he had gathered us all around he started his oration. "Dese teeng you see now is Ramesses de two." I will not vouch for his historical correctness, but I will give his speech as I recollect it. "He levee two 'ousan' years before Christ. He weigh sixty ton. He had a hunder' and nineteen wife, a hunder' and ninety-two child. He was tek from de Sacred Lek which you see out de window here, and he was give to the British Museum."

At this point I asked him how many wives he had—I wanted to make a note of it—and he began all over again. "Dese is Ramesses de two. He weigh sixty ton. He eten fet long. He had a hunder' and nineteen wife, a hunder' and ninety-two child. He was tek from de Sacred Lek."

Somebody enquired, "Where is the Sacred Lake?" With a look of confusion and anger he started all over again. "Dese is Ramesses de two. He had a hunder' and nineteen wife, a hunder' and ninety-two child. He weigh sixty ton. He eten fet long."

Another enquired if he weighed sixty ton when he was alive or if it were only his recumbent statue that weighed that enormous amount. Becoming still angrier and more confused, he started in with his speech. He said, "Dese is Ramesses de two. He levee two 'ousan' years before Christ. He weigh sixty ton. He had a hunder' and nineteen wife, a hunder' and ninety-two child. He was give to de British Museum, but he weigh so much dat dey leave him here. He was tek from de Sacred Lek."

A man from Boston enquired if that were the Sacred Lake we could see from the window, and the guide, who had now been worked into a perfect rage, said, "Dese is Ramesses de two. He was tek from de Sacred Lek which you see outside. He had a hunder' and nineteen wife, a hunder' and ninety-two child. He was gret man, an' dese is eten fet long. He not like to hav' any fool question ask about what he deed. He was give to de British Museum, but he weigh so much dat he was left here. He was mek from one piece of somting kine of ston, which was brought down the rivaire, and he weigh sixty ton. We get now on de donkey and we go on."

I got on the donkey. It was the middle of the day and mighty hot. I felt like falling off, but I had a strapping big donkey boy who belabored the little animal until he got into a trot, and then into a gallop. Like a drunken sailor, I was afraid to go slow for fear I might fall down, and I kept going fast, pounding the donkey and shouting at him and keeping in a gallop lest I might slip off. For eight miles we kept this pace, until I arrived at the Tomb of the Bulls, the most distant point of interest. All the tombs are empty; curiosity-hunters have acquired relics from these extraordinary tombs until nothing is left but the vacant places occupied by objects which were once sacred to the Egyptians, an American saloon, and the sand. I was mildly excited and somewhat disturbed by the run; the Arabs still followed me, explaining the various objects of interest. The donkey ride had taken all the enthusiasm out of me, and Rheu and I went through the galleries once occupied by great men and the sacred bulls of Egypt—once worshipped in the great temple of Memphis—without the slightest emotion. They are underground, and of course one has to pay to get in to see them, but they resemble nothing that I ever saw before. On each side of a wide hallway are these enormous stone sarcophagi, all empty, and nothing but a reminiscence of the "deaf and kings whose ashes are laid in this wonderful place. Everything has been taken away except the stone casing and the rooms, which cannot be removed. After seeing this very uninteresting place, I looked at some of the pyramids, covering some four miles, which are poor in comparison with those at Gizeh, about twenty miles distant. Then we visited the saloon, allayed the thirst of the donkey, and started back for the plain, which is marvelously fertile owing to the industry of the fellaheen and the irrigation system that connects with the Nile. I got back sooner than any of the other tourists, and for two or three hours was the center of a group of girls who were selling bracelets, coins, and articles of personal apparel. Had I been possessed of enough piastres, none of the bunch would have had enough to wear to have protected them from the vagrancy act. None of these children of the desert would refuse to sell the last stitch they have on them if the tourist were prepared to buy second-hand raiment. I had twelve or fifteen of the sons and daughters of "Ramesses de two" diving for coins and having a dickens of a time around the steam-launch when the rest of the explorers returned. There is a good deal of fun to be had on a trip such as we had to Sakkarah, if one does not devote too much time to the pyramids and tombs, but employs it bargaining with natives and having exhibitions such as we had. Travellers as a rule make the mistake of spending their time on pyramids instead of people.

As we all went back to Cairo together, I think there was no one so well equipped with stories, adventures and episodes as I was, though I had made the quickest trip over the plain, spent the least time in the pyramids, and had seen the Tomb of the Bulls in the shortest possible number of minutes.

When one travels it is not wise to take things too seriously. One tomb always resembles the next to such an extent that one does not need to spend hours in examining fifty things which are alike. All that is necessary is to get an idea of the general contour and belongings, and then

A Romantic Royal Coup'e.



Grand Duke Michael, the King's Host, who was banished from Russia on account of his romantic marriage.

The Grand Duke Michael, who was recently King Edward's host at Keele Hall, England, usually spends the greater part of the summer in that country, dividing the rest of the year between Germany and the Riviera. His marriage with the Countess Torby offended the late Czar. The Czar was strongly opposed to the match, and refused to listen to anything that was said in its favor. The Grand Duke was equally determined that the marriage should take place, and accordingly the ceremony was performed at Venice on February 26, 1891.

Forthwith the man who dared to disobey the Emperor of all the Russias was deprived of his military rank and uniform, his appanage was reduced by two-thirds, and he was banished from Russian soil. Queen Victoria is said to have pleaded with the Czar to show his cousin clemency, but the Emperor was inflexible.

move out. What is the use of travelling for miles to see the same things? It is like going over a cemetery, counting the graves and writing the epitaphs in a note-book. The people are all dead, consequently uninteresting. So it is in Egypt; one may spend weeks or years in the pyramids and tombs and see nothing new. But the people are always interesting, and, strange to say, with one accord they are endeavoring to learn English. The poorest child who has bracelets or coins to sell will not only dive for the piastre, but talk to you in a fairly good imitation of the language spoken all over the world. They have ceased to speak French, for the Frenchman has no money to spend, and they recognize that the current vocabulary of the century is English, and profitable.

The sail back to Cairo was one of the most charming events of my tour. The palms were nodding in the sleepy breezes of evening, and as the little launch puffed along, whistling to passing dahabiehs, one could not but be impressed by the prevalence of modern notions on this mystic river. The shadows are so sharply outlined that one feels like sailing through groves of palm trees in an air-ship. The colors are vivid, and everything seems to have a dual existence, for no one can be observant and not see oneself made numerous in the strange shadows which are reproduced by refraction, reflection, and the imagination, brightened by the moonlight to an extent which is possibly not noticeable in any other clime. One wonders when at a distance at the money spent by tourists on the Nile, but the climate and surroundings are seductive, wholesome and health-giving. One really wonders in Egypt and with great sincerity can give thanks for being alive. The body seems so little and the soul so much that it becomes easily possible to believe in the transmigration of a spiritual being into another body. It is a country of shadows, beauty and mystery; it is also a country of tombs that cast a shadow over the pleasure-seeker and make one's leave-taking more or less pleasurable, so next week I shall start for Alexandria and Palestine.

DON.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Craigie's Epigrams.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) has published another novel, *The Serious Wooing*. Here are a few of its epigrams—enough to show the successes and failures of a brilliant authoress:

"You don't know the ferocity of a dull woman under a grievance," says the unhappy Countess of Shortlough, referring to her more fortunately married sister.

"Do I have temptations?" screams the sister, Mrs. Coppel. "Certainly not. People who conduct themselves properly do not know what the word means."

"A gentleman is a fellow who doesn't undertake a thing unless he can see it through in proper style."

The Noise of a Freight Wreck.

"DID you ever hear a freight wreck?" said a railroad man the other evening. "You mean did I ever see one, do you not?" "No, I said 'hear' one, and your not understanding the question shows that you never have been within earshot of a collision between two trains of boxcars. I was at a little station on the Iron Mountain a few years ago, when a long file of empty cars rushed past, rounded into a deep cut, and must have been half a mile away when we heard a frantic whistle from the engine, answered by another in a different key, and then there followed a series of explosions as if fifteen or twenty dynamite cartridges had been set off in succession. We knew that something horrible had happened, manned a handcar, and started for the scene. We found the freight telescoped, several dead trainmen, and as fierce looking a

Notin' Doin'.



The Policeman—Hi! What are you checking that if umingo for? The Other—Oh! That's all right. He's just taken the wrong medicine by mistake and I'm heading it off.

CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.

THE little book which Miss Angel left with me is quite the most wonderful volume I have ever read. Sometimes I think it cannot be quite possible—what it teaches and tells. Miss Angel listened to my doubts, and fixed her dark eyes upon me. "I believe it infinitely," she said, almost as if talking to herself. "If I did not, I should not care to live." Then she went away. The book says quite plainly that there need be no such thing as an invalid at all. It says a great many things, but that one stays in my mind. At night it comes to me when I lie awake with insistence like a human voice. Why should anyone write such a thing or believe such a thing; or if one believes it, why shouldn't the whole world believe it? It has made me so restless that sometimes I feel as if I actually could get up and walk about! I cannot understand what is coming over me, and then I go back and read the little book again. One day Miss Angel came in and found me with it. She took it from me and gave me another, a sort of continuation, but with many accounts of marvellous cures in it. It read like a miracle book. David has gone to Norway, but his stepmother still entertains the Angels. The uncle's name is Spriggins, an awful cognomen. I have seen him passing the window, when he came to return father's visit. They laughed a good deal in the study, and father says Mr. Spriggins is an original genius. He made his money out of a patent invention which everyone wonders no one thought of before, and money simply rolls in from it.

The Leleas and Marchmonts called upon Mrs. Angel and Mr. Spriggins, but did not ask them to dinner. They asked the girls to play croquet, but they did not go. Miss Leleas says her brother is much taken with the elder of the Americans, and that five millions is indeed a nice lot of money. Lady Stourton told mum that the Angels were of very good family, quite the aristocracy of New England, and that Mrs. Angel was a dear, inoffensive soul, and the Miss Angel who sings was a charming girl, but that she did not care for the elder sister because she was unorthodox and did not attend any church. Her name is Drusilla. The younger Miss Angel is called and was christened "Pet." I am more and more interested in Drusilla Angel; whenever she fixes her big eyes on me I have the greatest impulse to get up and kneel at her feet. It is most extraordinary. She has begun to talk to me about those little books, which she believes in so implicitly. Sometimes we talk about David, for whom she has the greatest admiration and respect. I never quite realized how fine a type of manhood David is, until this grand girl talked to me about him. She pities him! I can see it in her eyes, which grow serious as soon as his name is mentioned. Fancy anyone pitying David! Now, strangely, she never seems to pity me! I read her one of David's letters to-day. It began "Dearest Helen," Miss Angel smiled. "It's something to be the dearest Helen of such a man as Lord Stourton," she said. "I should call yours an enviable distinction." I did not quite like that, but she went on. "There are so many weak, inadequate, trifling men in the world. Isn't it a pity everyone doesn't do themselves justice? Now, you lie there when you should be running about! I did not like that at all, and I know I flushed and showed it. Miss Angel stood up and said good-bye, abruptly, in a moment. I was angry and sorry, and yet, behind all, puzzled and curious. Then I went back to my little books.

My little lover came rushing in with a very small toad for me to admire. The boy is a born naturalist. When he had exhibited him and dropped him gently out of window, with many cautions to his toadship to keep off the walks or he would be stepped upon, the boy came back to me. He looked rather dull, and confessed that he was tired of the "Angel ladies." For why? Because the singing Miss Angel was monopolizing his daddy, and the "big eyes" was taking me from him. Daddy was always going to the Hill to play for Miss Angel, who was always singing for daddy, and I was no longer his sweetheart, and he had no one. Even David had deserted him, and much more did he pour out of grief and chagrin before he was comforted. Then he raced off, suddenly remembering his lessons, and scarcely was he out of sight before a piercing wail told of some dire disaster. Something seemed to thrill through my entire being and I sprang up wildly. When I came to myself I was at the window, six feet from my chair, standing upright, for the first time in seven years! Then I fainted, and nurse found me, and such a hullabaloo as was raised, and such a storm of questions as was poured upon me never was equalled. In the midst of the laughing, crying, marvelings, Miss Angel came back. She looked at me for a moment inscrutably, and her eyes fairly melted and swam in light. "Poor Ernst has broken an arm, and the doctor is with him. I drove him here," she said to mum, who was in a state of tremor. "Won't you go to him a little, nurse, and leave Miss Helen to her mother and—to me?" They had put me back upon my chair, feeling very shaken and weak, but I had something I must say. "Miss Angel, I believe it, too!" I said, and promptly went away to nurse's land once more. The doctor came and gave me sal volatile and lavender, and sent her to bed, and stood looking at me a long time. "You are going to regain the use of your limbs," he said at last. "And you are going to do just as Miss Angel asks you, and I'm blessed if I know how she does it!" Then Miss Angel laughed, a strong, joyous laugh. "Watch us, doctor!" she said, heartily. "Remember it was you who gave me the opportunity, and Miss Helen's own strong will and strong thought have done the rest. She believes she is going to be quite well very soon, and so, of course, she will be!" Then nurse came back and ordered them both out, and proceeded to put arnica on my bruised elbows, for I had fallen awkwardly when my sudden strength gave out, and had doubled up like a camel. That night I read my little books once more, believing every word, and in the morning I wrote to David, asking him how long he intended to remain away, and whether it was absolutely incumbent upon him to go to South Africa.

(To be continued.)

Nye on Insurance.

The late Bill Nye's indorsement of life insurance is probably the most characteristic paragraph to be quoted from his writings: "In these days of dynamite and swift-changing Presidential Administrations, and dark tunnels through which an engineer goes groping his way at twenty-five miles per hour; these days of tumbling signs of the times and tipsy telegraph poles, live wires and dead repairers; these days when the politician and the deadly bridge policeman with his pull lie down together (under the influence of the same stimulant); these days when death lurks in the air we breathe, the earth we tread, the food we eat, the water—the water we bathe in—I say it behooves us to look well to our insurance and our future state, and I take pleasure in certifying and saying to whom these presents may come, that since I became fully insured, my health has improved so much that it is a subject for profound congratulation on my own part, and the deepest disgust on the part of those who would naturally inherit my vast wealth."

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 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., July 9, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., July 31, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., Aug. 13, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tues., Aug. 20, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Aug. 27, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen
 Grosser Kurfurst, Thursday, July 25, noon
 H. H. Meier, Thursday, Aug. 1, 10 a.m.
 Harbours, Thursday, Aug. 8, 11 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

Genoa, Naples, Genoa
 Hohenzollern, Sat., June 22, 11 a.m.
 Werra, Sat., June 23, 3 p.m.
 Ailer, Sat., July 6, 11 a.m.
 Trave, Sat., July 20, 11 a.m.
 Hohenzollern, Sat., Aug. 30, 10 a.m.

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Change in Sixty-nine Years.

I have just looked upon two pictures, one entitled "DeWitt Clinton and Train—1831" and the other "Empire State Express—1900." The former shows the primitive locomotive DeWitt Clinton, belonging to the New York Central Railroad, drawing a train of three old Concord stage coaches at its top speed of 15 miles an hour over the seventeen miles of track which constituted the New York Central System sixty-nine years ago. It is most comical. The latter exhibits the Empire State Express going 65 miles an hour with its splendid train of rolling palaces on a part of the same "system" now grown from 17 miles to 1643. The road's equipment in 1831 was one engine and three made-over stages; to-day it is 3,550 locomotives, 185 sleeping and parlor cars, 3,600 passenger, baggage, mail and express cars and 150,400 freight cars. This equipment carried over 52,000,000 passengers in 1899 and more than 103,000,000 tons of freight. Something of a contrast—"On the Tip of the Tongue" in the New York "Press."

Anecdotal.

A sanctimonious bore, whose hobby was anti-Catholicism, went to the great evangelist one day and put the direct question: "Mr. Moody, do you ever intend to do any preaching against the Catholics?" "Yes, I may some time," "When will that be?" "After all the Protestants are converted."

An enthusiastic citizen of the great city of Illinois was one day showing a visitor the wonders of the lake front. "A few years ago," said he, "the lake extended inland far beyond where we are standing. I tell you there isn't a town in the world that's making history as fast as Chicago is!" "It looks to me more like making geography," replied the unemotional stranger.

Augustus Hare tells this story in his autobiography of a friend, who, in some ways, was one of the most absent-minded men in the world. One day, meeting a friend, he said: "Hello, what a long time it is since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead," "God bless me! I'm very sorry." The next year he met the same man again, and had forgotten all about it, so began with: "Hello! what a long time since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead still."

A suitor having gained the affections of a daughter of Professor Wilson, waited upon "papa" and started his case—of which the professor had a previous inkling. The young gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and, doubtless, her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him in review some work, on the flyleaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it in his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

A traveler in England rested at noon at a wayside inn, and took luncheon. The landlord was a social person, and after presenting his bill sat down and chatted with his guest. "By the way," the latter said, after a while, "what is your name?" "My name," replied the landlord, "is Partridge." "Ah," returned the traveler, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "by the length of your bill I should have thought it was

Woodcock!" This story, as it appears in a recent book by a distinguished English diplomat, is credited with having amused Bismarck.

A clergyman, who was totally ignorant of any knowledge of seamanship, once preached to a congregation of sailors. Thinking to impress the truth more distinctly upon his hearers, he drew the figure of a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head wind. Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions. "What shall we do next?" he cried. "Come down off the bridge," cried an old tar, in disgust, "an' lemme take command, or ye'll 'ave us all on the rocks in another arf a second!"

The wife of a little country church sexton had died rather suddenly, and the vicar went to console with the bereaved husband. "Now, tell me how it happened," said the vicar. "Well, sir, she was bad, and I went off for the doctor four miles away, and when I got there he was gone off somewhere else; so I turns back, and in coming home remembered I had a bottle of medicine which he giv me last year, so says I, 'That will do for the missus,' so she takes it and dies." Then lighting up his pipe, the old sexton added: "Wasn't it a good job I didn't take it myself?"

Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez, who was a pious man and believed in the gospel of peace, once noticed that a priest in his train carried a weapon under his cloak. Whereupon the cardinal reproved him, saying that a cleric should not carry arms. "True," answered the priest, humbly, "but I carry the weapon only to defend myself should I be attacked by a dog." "In that case," said the cardinal, "if I saw a dog running toward me, I should begin to recite the Gospel of John." "That," returned the priest, "would be a wise thing indeed, but may it not be that there are some dogs that do not understand Latin?"

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is as celebrated as a post-prandial orator as he is as a lawyer. At one of the dinners of the New England Society of New York, he once proposed the following toast: "Woman, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers." The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides.

Pope Paul IV. was so shocked at Michael Angelo's undressed figures in his famous "Last Judgment" that he employed Daniele da Volterra to clothe them; and he, in consequence, received the nickname of "Il Braghettone" (the breeches-maker). Michael Angelo, with his usual wit, punished Messer Biagio da Cesena, master of the ceremonies (who first suggested to the Pope the impropriety of nude figures), by painting him in hell, with ass's ears, as Mida. The story goes that Biagio implored the Pope to insist upon the re-

"His fingers have turned and posed the head of nearly every society lady in Canada."

—Toronto Sunday World.

removal of this caricature, whereupon Paul IV. replied: "I might have released you from purgatory, but over hell I have no power!"

Among the wild escapades remembered of Lord Waterford's youth is one of the time when he was living in Dublin with his uncle, the prime. Coming home late at night, he had a great quarrel with his cabman about the fare, and left the man swearing outside the door. Dashing into the hall, he found his uncle's gown and trencher lying on the side-table, and, putting them hastily on, he turned, and, going out, with a stick and a gruff voice, said: "What do you mean by coming here and trying to cheat my nephew? I'll teach you not to do such things for the future," and he thrashed him soundly. The man went away, saying that he had been thrashed by the Archbishop of Armagh in person.

A clergyman, writing to the "Homiletic Review," relates that at one time he was pastor in a village where there was a German undertaker who was always anxious to please. Because of his zeal in this direction and his habit of so often getting things backward he was the butt of a good many jokes and furnished others many a hearty laugh. One day a customer of his asked him to telephone the florist in a nearby city to send a floral design representing "Gates Ajar." He hurried to the phone and, calling up the florist, said he wished a floral design. The florist asked what kind. He was puzzled, but not defeated, and after some delay said: "Oh, yes, now I got him. Heaven wide open. That's what they want."

A benevolent old lady stopped on a street corner to wait for her car, and was attracted by the bright face of a young Italian, who was grinding his organ near by. She found a ten-cent piece in her purse, and dropped it into his hand, well repaid by the brilliant smile which accompanied his "Thank you." "It must be real hard to turn that crank as steady as you do, and keep such good time," she said, cordially. "Not so difficult," said the Italian, showing his white teeth in another smile. "You see, madam, I no have the monka. To turn the crank so steady keeps the time, and watcha the monka, madam, that takes the art—the true art. It es the monka-ka that demands the genius, madam!"

Slips of Authors.

Even experienced writers sometimes make their characters do astounding things. When Anthony Trollope pictured Andy Scott as "coming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth," he proved that he had never made personal experiment of the double feat of smoking a cigar and whistling a tune. Robinson Crusoe also performed a most wonderful feat. When he decided to abandon the wreck and try to swim ashore he took the precaution to remove all his clothes, and yet by some strange magic, of which the secret has been lost, the author makes him, when in this condition of Nature, fill his pockets with biscuits.

The great Shakespeare had a trick of introducing the most glaring anachronisms. For instance, he makes a clock strike in ancient Rome at a time, more

than a thousand years before clocks were invented, when such an event would certainly have been the eighth wonder of the world.

Quite regardless of the evidence of geography, he transports Bohemia to the seaside; and he introduces a printing-press long before the days of Gutenberg. He calmly introduces a billiard table into Cleopatra's palace, and makes cannon familiar to King John and his barons.

Thackeray was no mean rival to Shakespeare in vagaries of this kind; but in his case they appear to have been the result of pure carelessness and forgetfulness. The most flagrant case, perhaps, is where, after burying Lady Kew and effectively dismissing her from the story, he brings her to life again to help him out with his plot; and in other cases his capacity for mixing up the names of his characters is confusing, considering the number he introduces.

Emile Zola, in spite of his carefulness, makes the astonishing statement in one of his novels ("Lourdes") that the deaf and dumb recovered their hearing and sight, an event which savors very much of the miraculous.

New Stories Are Scarce.

Tim Murphy, the actor, and Henry Watterson, the editor, met in the corridor of a Washington hotel the other day.

"What is your latest story?" the actor asked.
 "No such thing as a new story now," growled Watterson. "It is impossible to keep a story good for two days. What's the use of thinking up new stories when they get spread all over the country between daylight and dawn? Why, sir, do you know that it is impossible to keep a good story as your own property. It's these blank telegraph operators who like good stories better than anybody. Suppose Chauncey Depew has a good story in New York. He tells it. Some telegraph operator hears it, and that night when things are quiet on the wire he asks the fellow at San Francisco or Denver or Timbuctoo if he has heard the latest, and then he ticks it off. Every man along the line hears it and ticks it off to the fellow he is working with, and by daylight the new story is the property of the wide, wide world. New story? Faugh!"

A Dog Story.

A dog story is told by the traveler, Mr. Herbert Vivian, in his book called "Abyssinia." The dog belonged to Colonel Sadler of Berbera. Among his accomplishments was drinking whiskey. "One very thirsty evening a guest was reclining in one of Colonel Sadler's long cane lounges on the verandah. He placed a tumbler of whiskey and soda by his side and proceeded to converse. Presently he stretched out his hand for his glass, and gave a great start on finding it was empty. He was convinced that he had put it down full a few minutes before, equally positive that he had not touched it; yet how could this liquid have disappeared without disturbing the glass? It was all explained when the dog emerged, wagging his tail, and reeking indecently of spirits."

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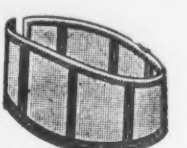
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Agnes.—There is not too much disparity in the ages, and I don't think it is possible for any outsider to be quite justified in interfering even in thought with such a matter, unless some very obvious and marked disqualifying moral and mental want is shown. The man's nature, if it be such as you describe, is in direct opposition to the usual character of his sign. It is a case of smothered fire, deep passion kept under the other nature is usually quite responsive to that passionate type. You must have a definite, decided object in life and work to do your life's duty. Water under the millstone is a very ticklish proposition. 2. It's a trait of your month to meddle and to scheme for others as well as self. The good predominates in your writing, but it isn't the highest type the month can produce. You must have a definite, decided object in life and work to do your life's duty. Water under the millstone is a very ticklish proposition. 2. 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A Dream and its Fulfilment.

ONE day last spring two men drove over the almost porous ice of Lake Rosseau, with a purpose which looked unrealizable. They went into the wilderness not to find a prophet, for they themselves were prophesying, and in the boldest manner. They went rather to find a location upon which to found the fulfilment of their prophecy, and as they drove, among the snow-banks and bleak, bare, jutting, rocky islands, they came to a high point, which commanded the longest vista in the exquisite lake country of Muskoka. It was bristling with naked guns, so to speak; stockaded with huge bare birch and maple trunks, palisaded with oaks, "frized" with underbrush and matted fern stems, and set upon rock full of mineral and scarred with earth tremors of long, long ago. The two men saw other commanding spots, but they came back to the high land and said: "Here will we fulfil our dream, and raise a palace of summer-time; in this wooded retreat we will wave the wand, and by midsummer Canada shall see!" In April the first axe bit the trembling birch, and the forest echoed the crashing of steel into wood. One by one the tall, slim Muskoka trees bowed, fell and were quickly hacked limb from trunk, until a huge round gap was cleared, and the vista of lake and island point and promontory basked in the growing sun rays. This was the clearing for the fulfilment of the dream. Then came hundreds of men, and when the lake was clear of ice, huge scows of lumber, great shipments of implements, tools, all sorts of material—cement that coats walls and is dry in two hours, while you dash shining sand upon its hardening surface. The squirrels held conclaves over the strange sights and sounds. The orioles whose nests still hang in the birch-trees fled woodward, and sought secluded branches far from the hammering, sawing, shouting, heaving, striving builders of the palace of summer-time. Day and night they worked, and in forty-five working days they made it the fulfilment of the dream of the two men, architect and financier, who drove between the rocky snow-covered islands on the risky ice of Lake Rosseau last spring.

It is a very beautiful palace, reached by a woodland walk of tanbark that mounts the height easily, and conceals the great hotel until one is just before it. There is a vast central rotunda, from which long wings spread, each housing three hundred people in the dainty living-rooms—three tiers of them, so cunningly contrived on different levels that one has almost an idea of going up or downstairs to reach even the third floor. The rotunda is fifty by eighty feet, the open rafters roof between thirty and forty feet high. The banquet hall is as large, and on the floor below them is the most delightful huge cafe, with dark-stained floor, dark square pillars girdled with twinkling electric bulbs, a great fireplace of brick and rough stone, and beyond a billiard-room, each fifty by eighty feet, and reminding one of those weirdly fascinating wine cellars of the Continent, where the dark oak walls and columns are dimly seen through the smoke of many portly German and Bavarian pipes.

In the rotunda is His Majesty's post-office established, and a news-stand, and the first paper purchased there was a Toronto "Saturday Night." The key and letter-stand in the office has a bust of that proud redman—the chief whose name designates Canada's playground, Muskoka. He looks scornfully down upon the tourists as they register, and seems to say: "My day is over, but beware! My spirit is still in the wind and hundreds like you any starlit night in the beauty-mazes of my island paradise!" And the tourists go on, heedless of Indian witcheries, and say as they pass, "Play a two-step," and the orchestra strikes up, and the dancers whirl about under the hundreds of lights, and the ice jingles in the julep-glasses, and the women and men stroll upon the spreading balconies which run in generous width around the huge rotunda, back and front, and only broken by the wings of rooms with twinkling windows that stretch out into the forest on either hand. Such is the dream, and such its fulfilment, as many an amazed tourist will see this day, when he arrives at the high bluff and hears the musicians playing, and the people lounging and merry-making in the "Royal Muskoka." It is not because this hotel is the best of its kind, nor because its chef has cooked for kings and its steward plished the White House, nor because its "coons" have graduated from colleges across the line, nor its appointments include the very latest electrical and labor-saving appliances, nor even because every little room has a snowy bath and running

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Children
Like It.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt comes as a boon to the mother who has been looking for a proper medicine to give the little ones for constipation, colic, etc. It is certainly an ideal medicine for children.

It moves their bowels naturally without the slightest gripe or irritation, and restores their digestive organs to healthy action. Best of all, it is free from the obnoxious after-effects and re-action of ordinary cathartics and is pleasant to take.

All druggists sell it. 25c and 60c a bottle.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt
Is Good for the Children.

Lake Rosseau, August 2, 1901.

As a Food For the Skin.

To Make It Smooth, Healthy and Beautiful, Dr. Chase's Ointment is Hailed by Thousands of Fair Women.

Every woman, no matter how beautiful her skin, finds need at times of some preparation to overcome the redness and roughness, and to cure the pimples, blackheads and skin irritations.

Powders may cover up the disfiguring eruptions, but can never cure them, and are positively injurious because they clog up the pores of the skin. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a food for the skin. It is readily absorbed, and thoroughly cures each and every skin disease, making the skin smooth, soft and clear.

No woman's toilet is complete without Dr. Chase's Ointment, for besides being the most perfect skin beautifier obtainable it can be used in a score of different ways. It absolutely cures eczema, salt rheum and the itching to which women are especially subject.

When the feet are sore and chafed with walking an application of Dr. Chase's Ointment takes out the smarting and allays the inflammation in a surprisingly short time. Then for burns, scalds and every sort of chafing, irritation and eruption of the skin Dr. Chase's Ointment affords a safe and certain cure. It has come to be indispensable in scores of thousands of homes in Canada and the United States; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Defence of Slang.

THE one stream of poetry which is continually flowing is slang, writes "G. K. C." in the "Spectator." Every day a nameless poet weaves some fairy tracery of popular language. It may be said that the fashionable world talks slang as much as the democratic; this is true, and it strongly supports the view under consideration. Nothing is more startling than the contrast between the heavy, formal, lifeless slang of the man about town and the light, living and flexible slang of the coast. The talk of the upper strata of the educated classes is about the most shapeless, aimless and hopeless literary product that the world has ever seen. Clearly in this the upper classes have degenerated. We have ample evidence that the old leaders of feudal war could speak on occasion with a certain symbolism and eloquence that they had not gained from books. When Cyrano de Bergerac, in Rostand's play, throws doubts on the reality of Christian's dulness and lack of culture, the latter replies:

Bah! on trouve des mots quant on monte à l'assaut;
Où, j'ai une certaine esprit facile et militaire;

and these two lines sum up a truth about the old oligarchy. They could not write three legible letters, but they could sometimes speak literature. Douglas, when he hurled the heart of Bruce in front of him in his last battle, cried out: "Pass first, great heart, as thou wert ever wont." A Spanish nobleman, when commanded by the king to receive a high-placed and notorious traitor, said: "I will receive him in all obedience and burn down my house afterwards." This is literature without culture; it is the speech of men convinced that they have to assert proudly the poetry of life.

Anyone, however, who should seek such pearls in the conversation of a young man of modern Belgeravia would have much sorrow in his life. It is not impossible for aristocrats to assert proudly the poetry of life; it is

more impossible for them than for anyone else. It is positively considered vulgar for a nobleman to boast of his ancient name, which is, when one comes to think of it, the only rational object of his existence. If a man in the street proclaimed, with rude feudal rhetoric, that he was the Earl of Doncaster, he would be arrested as a lunatic; but if it were discovered that he really was the Earl of Doncaster he would simply be cut as a cad. No poetical prose must be expected from earls as a class. The fashionable slang is hardly even a language; it is like the formless cries of animals, dimly indicating certain broad, well-understood states of mind. "Bored," "cut up," "jolly," "rotten," and so on, are like the words of some tribe of savages, whose vocabulary has only 29 of them.

If a man of fashion wished to protest against some solecism in another man of fashion, his utterance would be a mere string of set phrases, as lifeless as a string of dead fish. But an omnibus conductor (being filled with the Muse) would burst out into a solid literary effort. "You're a gentleman, aren't yer?" "yer boots is a lot brighter than yer 'ed," there's precious little of yer, and that's clothes. "That's right, put yer cigar in yer mouth 'cos I can't see yer behind it. . . . take it out again, do yer; yer're young for smokin', but I've sent for yer mother. . . . Goin' 'on don't run away, I won't 'arm yer. I've got a good 'art, I 'ave. . . . Down with cruelty to animals," I say, and so on. It is evident that this mode of speech is not only literary, but literary in a very ornate and almost artificial sense. Keats never put into a sonnet so many remote metaphors as a coster puts into a curse; his speech is one long allegory, like Spencer's "Fairie Queen."

All slang is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry. If we paused for a moment to examine the cheapest cant phrases that pass our lips every day we should find that they were as rich and suggestive as so many sonnets. To take a single instance—we speak of a man in English social relations "breaking the ice." If this were expanded into a sonnet we should have before us a dark and sublime picture of an ocean of everglazing ice, the sombre and baffling mirror of the northern nature, over which men walked and danced and skated easily, but under which the living water roared and tolled fathoms below. The world of slang is a kind of topsy-turvydom of poetry, full of blue moons and white elephants, of men losing their heads, and men whose tongues run away with them—a whole chaos of fairy tales.

When Father Shaves.

When father shaves his stubbly face
At nine on Sunday morn,
There always steals upon the place
A feeling of forlorn.
An awful silence settles down
On all the human race;
It's like a funeral in town
When father shaves his face.

He gets his razor from the shelf
And strops it up and down;
And mutters wildly to himself
And throws us all a frown.
We dare not look to left or right,
Or breathe in any case;
Even mother has to tiptoe quite
When father shaves his face.

He plasters lather everywhere,
And spots the window-pane;
But mother says she doesn't care,
She'll clean it off again.
To save us from disgrace;
For he's an awful nervous man,
When father shaves his face.

We try to sit like mummies there,
And live the ordeal through;
And hear that razor rip and tear,
And likewise father, too,
And if it slips and cuts his chin,
We jump and quit the place;
No power on earth can keep us in
If father cuts his face.

Friendly Criticism.

Mrs. Psyche Green—Do you think her pants are a bit pretty?
Mrs. Portia Smith—Pretty? Not! Why, it doesn't even attract the moths.
—Bazar.

Diary of an American Abroad.

Monday, 10 a.m.—Reached England. Country half asleep.
4 p.m.—Reached London. Village awake, but not really spry.
4.30—Reached Hotel Magnificent.
4.45—Went all over it. Nice house. Do as a pied-a-terre for our directors when over here.
5—Bought it.
8—Dinner. Arranged to turn dining-room into anteroom for callers. Tired. Counted checks. Bed.
Tuesday, 9 a.m.—Read "Times" at breakfast. Leader disparaging our company. Must see to this.
10—Saw proprietors of "Times."
11—Bought "Times."
12—Heard of difficulty with staff. Editor resigned.
1 p.m.—Bought some editors.
1.05—Lunch.
3 to 6—Interviewed the company's competitors; three minutes each.
6 to 7—Wrote checks.
8.30—Theater. Play, The Ironmaster. Don't like the sound; suggests rivalry; must see if rights are to be had.
Wednesday. Curiously unlucky morning. Admiralty wouldn't sell fleet. War office refused to scrap guns. Colonial secretary declined to let me have Jamaica as a tip for our ashes. At this rate no use staying out. Picked up Thames steamboat fleet for an old song on way back. Will do to run on the canals inside our fitting shop.
Thursday, 9 p.m.—Things have been humming to-day. Steamboat deal evidently leaked out. Bought the P. and O. Cunard, White Star, Orient, Union Castle, and North German Lloyd. Bought the Liverpool docks. Bought the London and Northwestern. Cabled to my company that they might begin making.
Friday, 10 a.m.—Cable from company asking me to buy less and sell more. Nonsense. Plenty of time for selling. Much best policy to buy up all our customers first; sell to ourselves then and make sure of orders.
4 p.m.—Bought Holyhead harbor. Made an offer for St. George's Channel.
Saturday, 9 a.m.—Cable from home. "Rival trust formed. Underselling. Return at once."
10 a.m.—Returning.—London "Punch."

The Windigo's Home.

Charles A. Bramble, writing on the "Home of the Windigo" in the August "Hautatqua," says:
Neither the Indian nor the habitant cares particularly to visit Trembling mountain, for it is of evil repute. Years ago, when the Iroquois and the Ojibwa struggled for the ownership of this rugged land, some deed of blood must have been done under the shadow of these peaks—for even to this day the fisherman on the lake and the farmer gathering his crops in the fertile valley of the Rouge hear awesome sounds from the mountain. This, according to folk-lore, is the true home, perhaps, the last abiding-place, of the "Windigo," or evil spirit, whose presence is misfortune, and whose spell is death.

From a limited knowledge of geology I should explain these noises in a very matter-of-fact way: Those blocks of stone lying beneath every scarp and rock face must surely have shaken the earth as they fell, and sent vibrations far and near—but it would be a waste of time to suggest this to a native; besides, I have too real an admiration for the mountain to wish to flinch any of its glamor.

Schoolboy Humor.

Not the Less Splitting From the Fact That it is Unconscious.

TO the majority of people, perhaps, a schoolmaster's life appears monotonous and uneventful, remarks "Chambers' Journal," but to one who is apt to look upon the humorous side of things this is far from being the fact. Most boys are careless, irresponsible creatures; certainly, but there is a fund of genuine, unadulterated humor in the average boy. A schoolmaster of fifteen years' standing writes: "I have corrected, I might say, a few thousand examination papers in my time. Some of the answers to questions set are wonderfully funny and original—unconsciously funny." The following are specimens:

A boy, aged ten, thus answers a question as to the cause of the Transvaal disturbances: "Krugger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blood. Mr. Chamberling has wrote to him sayin' come out and fite or else give up the blood of the English you have took. he is a boardutechman and wickid heathin, lord Kitchener has sent for his goary buld and to bring back his scanderous head dead or alive."

An essay on Gladstone by a boy of eleven states: "Mr. Gladstone lov'd everybody, he lov'd publicans and cinnners and Irishmen, he wanted the Irish to come to England and have home rool, but Mr. Chamberling says,

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on its absolute Purity and Delicious Flavor
to hold the tastes of the people, and to day

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea enjoys the largest sale on the Continent.
Lead Packets Only. Black, Mixed or Green.



no, no, so alars he got his blud up and killed Mr. Parnel. Mr. Gladstone died with great respect and is buried in Westminster with peaceful ashes."

Rather ambiguous is this description of Queen Elizabeth by another boy: "Queen Elizabeth was a vuirgin queen and she was never married, she was so fond of dresses that she was never seen without one on, she was beauteful and clever with a red hed and freckles."

The boy writer of the following is decidedly backward in his Tennyson. Concerning the late poet laureate he writes: "Tennyson wrote butefull poems with long hair and studd so much that he sed mother will you call me airly dear? his most graittist poem is called the idle king, he was made a lord but he was a good man and wrote many hoads, he luv'd our dear Queen so much that he made a poem to her called the fairy Queen."

Another boy wishes to become an editor. In an essay on "The Choice of a Profession," he gives his reasons in these words: "A editor is always a happy man because he can read luvly tales and artikels all day and pages of sweet luv poems. A good editor has branes, but it must be very sad for him having to read melankolle stories of luv so as to make him all most weep with tears from his eyes. a editor is a rich man because he never pays for artikels and so has all this interlect for nothing."

One could hardly put the following ideas of a certain youth on "Honesty" to a practical use: "It is a nobel thing to be a honist man. If you are a honist man you can look the world in its face and never be ashamed of the devil. It is good to be honist when sun one is looking becaws you may get a reward. I know a churchwarding who is a honist man who collects money on Sunday in his black clothes. If you are honist when you are young you may grow to be rich and the lord mare and then of caws it doesn't matter."

This is from an essay on "My Hero." "My hero is my father becaws he is a Christyun clergyman, my father says o my son gro up like your father and respect yourself becaws nobody else will respect you. I am goin' to be a clergyman becaws my father says I am a ass in school and have no branes to get a livin' in bizniss."

Shakespeare is hardly appreciated by the young hopeful who writes: "Shakespeare was a famus poet and poachur, he wrote luvly plaze called the tame shrew, hamblet and a scotch piece called Macdoogil. In Shakespeare's time some of the plaze were very rude but now everything is so polite that a innocent father can take his baby and it wont disgust it. Shakespeare was so ill when he died that he cried out oh my cursid bones."

One youth, who is a poet in embryo, is a great admirer of Longfellow. "Longfellow," he says, "wrote a grate poem called 'The brik,' he butefully poemizes in this way—I stood on a brick at midnight and gazed at the clock for an hour."

A boy, mourning the loss of an uncle, writes the following letter to his master: "Dear Reverend Sir, I am injoying my holidays and have only been ill twice, my unkel died with being old in three days last week, and we have had a pleasant fwenral. I want to work in my arithmetic sir as you sed but it would be wickid if I lid it with a ded unkel, my father says if I dont get a prize next term sumthing will happen—I am Your respectabul pupil

"JOHN."

A Phenomenon.



"Most peculiar thing—I only weigh ninety-six, and I can't float, y' know."
"And I weigh two hundred and fifty and can't sink, y' know."
"Bah Jove!"



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Boys on the Farm.

Topeka "Herald."
The prosperous farmer looks forward to the time when he can retire and go to town and live in comfort in his old age. The successful business man lays up money against the time when he can buy a country home and live in retirement in his latter years. In these cases the pleasure of each lies in the thing his working years denied him. But the boy almost invariably wants to go to town or stay in town. Why? The enemy of the country is the country school. It opens up a larger world to the boy whose horizon was bounded by corn rows or the woods pasture. Good roads, rural mail routes, easy transit, a flourishing money market and the spread of the simple beauty of the fine arts will keep boys in the country. It is the loneliness, the lack of comforts, the ugliness of weeds and the unkempt, squalid condition of farms and farmhouses that makes a boy hate the whole thing and long for pavement and smooth cut grass and ready money and companionship. The time will come when the farmer's life will be what the poets call it now, but it can come only through those elements that make city life desirable also.

Like Flies on a Sugar-Stick.

Referring to the absurd yarns emanating from New York about the recent hot spell, Labouchere says in "Truth": "The detail which pleased me most was the fate of those New Yorkers who, being too poor to escape from the city, and not being able to find standing room at night in the densely-packed parks and open spaces, swarmed up the fire-ladders in the desperate struggle for fresh air. They seem to have clustered on these like flies on a sugar-stick, and as might be expected, those who were not accustomed to roosting in this fashion were continually falling off throughout the night, to meet their death on the burning soil below. There seems no doubt that it has been very hot in the United States."



MUSIC.

So many Canadian pianists go to Germany to study under Leschetzky, Krause, Moszkowski and other famous masters that it will be interesting to quote a few extracts from a criticism of the first-named teacher, from the columns of the "Musical World." The writer is Roy R. Gardner, and to avoid possible complications with the pupils of Leschetzky, I may say that whatever is quoted from him is not necessarily endorsed. The article mentions three charges often made against Leschetzky, viz., that he ill-treats his pupils, that he deprives them of all individuality, and that he gives them a hard tone. In speaking of the first, the writer says: "Although the tales of his cruelty are much exaggerated, they are to some extent true. Leschetzky's best excuse for this is, I believe, the fact that he is a Pole. It seems a little herent in the Slavic race to be humble when it is necessary and overbearing where it is possible. When he first began to give pianoforte lessons in St. Petersburg he had for pupils mostly Russians, whom he treated, as a matter of course, overbearingly. This they accepted as a matter of course, just as his Russian and Polish pupils do to this hour. After years of this sort of teaching, Leschetzky, sick, nervous, highly-strung, old in body if not in years, began to teach English and American pupils. Naturally, he made no difference in his treatment of them, and they submitted, as the majority of them do to the present day."

"The second battle-cries raised against him, that he fails to develop individuality in his pupils, is less justifiable than the first. This accusation is nearly always made by young women students, who, as Miss Stepoff once remarked, 'play each measure in a different tempo from the preceding one, and then think they are making the most beautiful nuances.' Because Leschetzky will not tolerate unorthodox playing, because he insists that pupils who come to learn of him shall turn a phrase as he holds proper, and because he discourages sentimentality, some students bitterly complain that he will not let them be individual. To refute this charge one has only to listen to the various Leschetzky pupils who play in public. During the last two years there have played in Boston Miss Lotta Mills, Jeannette Burne, Mrs. Maas-Tapper, Helen Hopekirk, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Mark Hambourg, Gabrielowitch, Silinski and Paderevski. Surely no one can hold that these play in the least alike, as would be the case had their individuality been crushed out."

"The third charge, that pianists from the Leschetzky school have a hard tone, is not without foundation; the blame lies partly with his assistants and partly with the professor himself. One never hears hard tones from the older Leschetzky pupils, such as Eschhoff, Bloomfield-Zeissler and Paderevski, for they have been content to let their strength grow gradually, and they never play louder than they can, preserving at the same time a good tone. Some of his assistants, however, in their haste to develop strength, have invented systems of their own—based on the professor's teaching, to be sure—which, while undeniably useful in gaining strength, are sure to result in hardness of touch. Leschetzky, too, is not so exacting in regard to tone as he was formerly. He claims that all the great pianists nowadays strive for big, dramatic effects; that in the vast halls where concerts are now held, if any effect at all is to be made, a large tone is absolutely necessary; and that one must move with the times. When he wishes for a big effect he will have it; if the pupil cannot produce a big, good tone, then let him be bad, but big if most be. In the last three years the professor's own tone has become hard; possibly his age is not so acute as it was. As to his method, he declares he has none. He had one, however, years ago, when he first began to teach, he thought out with the utmost care and thoroughness the proper use of the pedal, the most efficacious way to produce a certain tone, the most comfortable way of playing scales, octaves and the rest, and, so far as he is concerned, that ends the question of method. These things he taught his early pupils, but now for a good many years he has accepted pupils only after they have studied for a longer or shorter period, with one of his assistants, learning what before he had announced he had none. He used to call his method, 'The majority of the pupils in his school, therefore, depend on the assistants, or Vorleser, for what training they get, with occasional lessons from Leschetzky, and what they hear in the fortnightly classes. When he had for assistants such artists as Mme. Eschhoff, Mme. Stepoff, Mme. Helen Hopekirk, and Edward Zeissler, this system was not bad. But except Schmitt, who now gives no lessons, all these teachers have left Vienna. In their places Leschetzky has to help him several young women, only two of whom have ever played in concert, and they without success. Nine pupils out of ten are spending their time with insignificant and inferior teachers, for the sake of what they get from Leschetzky in the classes, and if they have luck, in occasional lessons."

In any case, unless one is fortunate enough to arouse the professor's interest, it is almost useless to try to study with him; and, furthermore, it is almost impossible to interest him unless one has a fair technique. Suppose a pupil brings to a lesson a piece he has prepared; it is nothing at all out of the common for the professor to play it twice as fast as the pupil has learned it, saying, 'Play it so.' To do that requires a very competent technique, and if the pupil cannot do at once exactly what Leschetzky demands, the latter's interest vanishes. He may fly into a passion, or he may use up the time of the lesson cracking jokes and telling anecdotes, or he may turn quite indifferent, letting the pupil play on, with

hardly a correction. In any case, however, he gives no such lesson as he gives those pupils who have the ability to grasp his ideas and technique enough to carry them out. Unless the pupil has a personality that attracts his attention, and technique enough to do immediately whatever he may call for, he is not the man to study under."

Mr. Chrystal Brown, solo tenor at Trinity Methodist Church, was announced as the soloist at the Temple of Music, Pan-American Exhibition, for last night (Friday). This was Mr. Brown's second appearance at the Pan-American.

Mrs. (Dr.) Jones, Victoria avenue, Brockville, entertained a large party of friends last evening to a very enjoyable musicale. Miss Rose Braniff of Chicago, formerly of Brockville, favored the guests with several choice selections. Mrs. Dumbrie, Hamilton, who has a sweet contralto of good range, sang with great acceptance, and among others who contributed were Miss Mattie Fulford, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson, Mrs. Jones and Miss Mary Macnamara. Mrs. Jones made a most attentive and courteous hostess.

Mr. Edward Barton, who will return to Toronto to resume his work at the end of August, sang before eleven thousand people on Sunday week last at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, in connection with the Epworth League Convention. He was in fine voice, and was received with much enthusiasm.

Miss Julia Marlowe, the actress, is greatly in favor of dramatic students learning how to sing. In an article contributed by herself to the "Philharmonic" she says: "The cultivation of my voice was entirely musical. The vocal discipline to which I was subjected has been of such value to me that I look back upon it now as the most important part of my preliminary work. The aim was to give me such an experience as every singer intended for the opera undergoes, and to render my voice an instrument, that could be played upon in all its parts, and instantly made to respond to any emotion without the evidence of effort. This day I am taking two vocal lessons a week like any beginner, and it is my belief that only by so doing can the wear and tear imposed upon the voice by the night's performance be repaired in the daytime. I may add here that the role of Mary Tudor is the most exacting that I have ever played. There are long passages in the middle register, which is the most attractive part of a woman's voice, and in which the voice scenes are spoken. These are suddenly followed by tempests of rage in which the lower voice is used to its fullest compass, and the result is most trying. I would not be able to endure it save for the process of repair which I employ with my vocal master during the day, and by which the overstrained chords are strengthened for the night's work."

A correspondent of the "Musical News" has been listening to the bumble bees in her garden at Swansea, and has been favored with a little in F sharp minor. The three singers were, she says, so precise in their intonation that she was able to transcribe their music in terms quite familiar to the eye. Commenting upon this yarn, Mr. Bennett writes in the "Daily Telegraph": "This is a pretty exercise, no doubt, but it reminds us of an imaginative writer in an American magazine, who some years ago professed to have discovered the chord played by the waters of Niagara in their majestic fall. If we recollect right, the chord in question was a 'dominant seventh' on G, some six octaves below the range of the bass clef. No one has yet come forward to dispute the accuracy of this statement, so probably the musical powers of the Swansea bees will remain unquestioned."

The Philharmonic Society, one of the oldest musical societies in London, Eng., has had a most disastrous season, and report a deficit of \$1,500. The shortage will, of course, have to be made good by the guarantors.

According to the Reminiscences of Tony Kwast-Hiller, published in the Frankfurter Zeitung, Berlioz's famous infatuation for the beautiful actress, Miss Smithson, was not so ardent and exclusive a passion as his memoirs lead one to believe. The actress refused to answer Berlioz's glowing love letters. At this time Ferdinand Hiller was in Paris. He has in love with the young actress, and imprudently introduced Berlioz to her. Berlioz forthwith forgot Miss Smithson and planned an elopement with his new acquaintance, which was prevented at the last moment by her mother. Not long after this the actress married an elderly man of prominent social position, and became a friend of Chopin, Liszt and other eminent musicians. As for Berlioz, he turned his attention once more to Miss Smithson. She had in the meantime heard his Episode de la vie d'un Artiste, of which she was the heroine. She liked it so much that she now received his addresses, and in October, 1832, they were married, Hiller and Hiller serving as witnesses.

Among the very curious things exhibited at the recent Bach exposition at Berlin was the original official record of a disciplinary enquiry against young Bach by the consistory of the church at Arnstadt where he was engaged as organist. The charges were (1) having outstayed his leave of absence to hear the famous organist Brechtelshede at Lubeck; (2) having introduced some strange harmonies on the organ during divine service; (3) having failed to exercise sufficient authority over his pupils; (4) having paid a visit to an inn between church services; (5) having admitted a strange young lady to the choral singing of the church. The enquiry lasted eight months, and Bach finally had to admit his wrong-doings and promise to behave better in future. It is fortunate that similar enquiries are not undertaken in these days, or many of my friends at the organ would be hauled up for their strange harmonies, to say nothing of the strange ladies introduced to the choral singing of their churches.

Mixed Morals.

THE TWO NEW HOUSES.

ONCE on a Time there were Two Men, each of whom decided to build for himself a Fine, New House.

One Man, being of an Arrogant and Conceited Nature, took counsel of Nobody, but declared that he would build his House as he would. "For," said he, "since it is My House and I am to Live in It, why should I ask the Advice of My Neighbors as to its Construction?"

While the House was Building, the Neighbors came often and Looked at it, and went away, Whispering and Wagging their Heads in Derision.

But the Man paid no Heed, and continued to build his House as he would. The Result was that, when completed, his House was lacking in Symmetry and Utility, and in a Hundred Ways it was Unsatisfactory, and for each Defect there was a Neighbor who said, "Had you asked Me, I would have Warned you against that Error."

The Other Man, who was of a Humble and Docile Mind, went to Each of his Neighbors in Turn, and asked Advice about the Building of his House. His Friends willingly and at Great Length gave him the Benefit of their Experiences and Opinions, and the Grateful Man undertook to Follow Out all their Directions.

The Result was that his House, when finished, was a Hodge-Podge of Varying Styles and Contradictory Effects, and Exceedingly Uncomfortable and Inconvenient to Live In.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that In a Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety, and that Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth.

THE TWO SUITORS.

ONCE on a Time there was a Charming Young Maiden who had Two Suitors.

One of These, who was of a Persistent and Persevering Nature, managed to be Continually in the Young Lady's Company.

He would pay her a Visit in the Morning, Drop In to Tea in the Afternoon, and Call on her Again in the Evening.

He took her Driving, and he Escorted her to the Theatre. He would take her to a Party, and then he would Dance, or Sit on the Stairs, or Flit into the Conservatory with her.

The Young Lady admired this man, but she was tired of his never-ending Presence, and she said to herself, "If he were not Always at my Elbow I should Better Appreciate his Good Qualities."

The Other Suitor, who considered himself a Man of Deep and Penetrating Cleverness, said to himself, "I will Go Away for a Time, and then my Fair One will Realize my Worth and Call Me Back to Her."

With a Sad Vise he made his Adieu, and he Expected her Pledge to Write to him Occasionally. But after he had Gone she Forgot her Promise, and Soon she Forgot his Very Existence.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder, and that Out of Sight is Out of Mind.—Carolyn Wells in the "Century."

Not An Historical Novel.

This will no doubt recommend Mrs. Skinner's new story, Heart and Soul, to many readers who look for something new in fiction. It is a strong, romantic novel, and a stirring tale of travel and adventure. Unlike most stories, the plot is chiefly laid in a region with which we are familiar. The borders of Windsor and Detroit are described in the opening chapters, and some fine old French-Canadian songs are a welcome feature. The scene shifts to New York, Paris and the Southern States. The story covers a wide field, and in the words of the London "News," "one wonders to find so much compressed into a single three hundred-page novel."

An Artistic Catalogue.

One of the most complete and artistic catalogues ever issued from a Canadian press is that recently gotten out by the Dominion Radiator Company of this city. Printed in two colors and magnificently illustrated, it contains every detail of information required by those who may be interested in the heating problem.

Valuable Man.

"I say," said the business man to the detective, "some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been taking in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him collared as quickly as you can."

"All right," I'll have him in jail in less than a week."

"Great Scott, man! I don't want to put him in jail; I want to engage him."

A Natural Cure.

"What is the remedy for poverty?" demanded the lecturer, in thunder tones. He paused for a reply, and during the pause a man in the rear of the hall called out: "You might try the gold cure."—Detroit "Free Press."

Realism.

Church—How did you like that war drama at the theatre the other night? Gotham—it seemed like the real thing. There was a boy eating peanuts in the gallery, and the shells were dropping all about me.—Yonkers "Statesman."

Whistling in Public.

Philadelphia "Record." "Nowhere but in America and England do men and boys whistle in public without shame," said a traveler the other night who is on his way around the world for the third time. "In France I have heard men hum on the streets, and in Germany and Russia I have even heard them sing, but not even when they are intoxicated will these foreigners whistle as we do. It is odd that we should have this habit. It is common to the wealthy and high-born among us, as well as to the poor and lowly. Only this afternoon I saw

a young man, who aims at exclusiveness and has a valet, whistling 'Dolly Gray' on Chestnut street as loudly as he could. Here and there someone smiled lightly at him, but he attracted no undue attention, whereas had he been in Paris or in St. Petersburg, they would probably have looked him up for a lunatic. The Japanese and Chinese never whistle. All those whom I have met do not know how, and they can't learn. I have been informed, as a matter of fact, that neither the Japanese nor the Chinese language has a word for whistling."

From a Man's Standpoint.

A wife rarely keeps a husband poor that would have been rich any other way.

Women live for admiration, but men die without it.

When a woman's in love, she thinks there's no other man in the world; when a man's in love, he thinks the same thing.

The bachelor has one great advantage over a married man: he can still get married.

A woman may have less logic than a man, but what little she does have is generally more so.

Never trust a woman with a secret. The curiosity of her husband is sure to get it out of her.

Just when a man's surest that a woman never hits anything she aims at, along comes some blushing young thing and marries him!—Winnipeg "Town Topics."

Changed Her Mind.

Lady Visitor—Well, Maisie, I have come after that new baby; you know you told me last week that you didn't want it and that I could take it home.

Maisie—Well, you can't have it. I want it myself now, but I'll get you a piece of paper and you can cut out a pattern.—"Leslie's Weekly."

Didn't Have a Chance.

Sylvester—I wonder if he thought twice before he married her.

Featherstone—It isn't likely. She was a widow.—August "Smart Set."

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Social and Personal.

Mr. Donald McFadyen of Euclid avenue left on Saturday for Mount Forest for the month of August.

Mr. Albert M. Mansfield, the well-known basso, and his wife, who is the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, are spending their vacation in Toronto, and are staying at the Arlington.

Mr. C. M. Manly will be absent from his studio during the months of August and September. He leaves on Saturday, August 3, for the Eastern Townships and Quebec. The time will be spent in open-air work.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Orr Hastings leave next week for Old Orchard.

Mrs. (Rev.) John Hodgson of Howard street, and Mrs. Stewart and family, have gone to South Robinson, Maine, for two months.

Miss Hodgson of Howard street is welcomed home by a large number of friends from a four months' visit with her brothers, Hon. John E. Hodgson and W. D. Hodgson, Fargo, North Dakota, and Dr. Hodgson, Minnesota. She intends leaving in a fortnight for Grimsby Park and Buffalo.

Mrs. Fraser of Ottawa, who is a sister of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Lieutenant-Colonel Duff and Mrs. Duff of Kingston, and also Miss Fraser of Ottawa, are guests of His Honor and Miss Mowat at Government House.

Mr. Hutchinson, the Canadian commissioner at the Buffalo Fair, is certainly the right man in the right place. He has been in Toronto this week, as jolly as a sandboy, and making friends, as usual, by the carload. Mr. Hutchinson's genial welcome to the Canadian building, his fund of stories, and his thorough good-comradship are not the least pleasant things one meets in the Bison City's big fair.

The pretty courts of the St. Matthew's Lawn Tennis Club presented quite a gay appearance during the tournament last week. The committee were fortunate in being able to secure for the ladies' matches no less than 21 entries, and thereby established a record for Ontario. The game, as now played, is much faster than formerly, and as only those who are physically able to stand a good deal of exercise under probably a boiling sun can now hope for success, it is gratifying that there was such a generous entry list. Among those noticed on the courts during the week were Mrs. A. C. McMaster, Miss McMaster, Miss Wanless, Mrs. Paterson, Miss Paterson, Mrs. Summerhayes, Miss Eslie Summerhayes, Miss Peterson, Miss Brodie, Miss Sprague, Miss Hedley, Mrs. Stikeman, Mrs. Morrow, Miss Pamphill, Miss Layburn, Miss Lucas, Miss Morrison and Miss Dingwall. The ladies of the Victoria Club are to be congratulated on their success in the tournament, Miss Hedley winning two of the prizes and Mrs. Burgess and Mrs. Stikeman one each. The success of Miss Morrison of the Canada Club was also very popular. Miss Summerhayes, the lady champion, showed herself in her very best form by her match with Miss Hedley, which gave her the prize in the open singles.

Civil Surgeon F. C. Macdonald, who went to South Africa in December, 1899, as a member of the "Battary," Royal Canadian Field Artillery, arrived in Toronto this week. Along with his brother, Dr. W. J. Macdonald, who returned some time ago, he rendered good service in the campaign. Dr. Macdonald is a son of Rev. Mr. Macdonald of Scarborough.

Mr. Laurence Tasker, M.A., LL.B., of Almonte was quietly married in the First Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon to Miss Hattie Mills, M.A., daughter of Mr. Charles Mills. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. F. Wilson, in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride was charmingly attired in a gown of white silk mousseline over white taffeta, with tulle veil and pearl ornaments. Miss Cecile Barry, in a dress of white tulle and silk, made a pretty maid of honor. Miss Ida Mills and Miss Lena Tasker of Mount Forest acted as bridesmaids, gowned in white organdie, with picture hats covered with roses, and carried bouquets of pink roses and ferns. Mr. Charles Mitchell of Niagara Falls was best man. The happy couple, who will reside in Almonte, left on an evening train for seaside resorts in Maine.

That was a weird account of a concert which came from a daily paper's country correspondent, or was doctored by a Hibernian compositor. Someone appeared in Indian costume and recited, according to the report, "Phil O'Brien's Cane." Sure 'tis shorts and a shillalah he should have had, and wouldn't Dr. Drummond have loved to hear him at it?

The Misses Jones of Seaton street and Miss May Morris of College street are camping at Kennilworth avenue, Kew Beach.

Races at Hamilton next week are interesting sporty people hereabouts.

To-day is Concessionaires' Day at the Pan-American, and I hear there is to be a high old time in the Midway to-night.

Mrs. Bull of Upper St. George street is at Little Metis. Rev. T. R. O'Meara of Trinity East and his family left for Lake of Bays yesterday. Miss Watt of Chattanooga, Tenn., returned home on Wednesday. Mr. James Bain of the Public Library left for Go-Home Club, in Georgian Bay, on Thursday. Mrs. Bain is at Rye Beach, N.H. Mr. Watson Bain, their only son, has taken a special course in applied chemistry, and is now inspecting different university laboratories in Northern Europe.

Mrs. Fred Stupart has a cottage at Windermere. Mrs. Bertram Webster and her family and Mrs. Cassels and her grandchildren and Mrs. Henry are also at the same place. Mr. R. F. Stupart has gone on his annual inspection of meteorological stations as far as the Yukon. He has the intention to establish a station at Dawson City. Speaking of Dawson reminds me that Mrs.

Brown, formerly Faith Fenton, is down from Dawson, and is visiting friends in Spadina avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barber are at their cottage at Gananoque. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hancock have returned from Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. George Blake are at Center Island. I believe they are with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell.

On Monday evening the bad weather kept most of the city contingent from the Yacht Club. There was a pretty family party for dinner to welcome Mrs. and Miss Evans back from England, the guests of the honorary secretary, who has been quite under the weather the last few days. A couple of large dinners were set, but the guests did not turn up, and the dancers were mostly residents of the Island.

Professor William McLaren and Mrs. McLaren are at The Southgate, Prout's Neck.

Ontario Ladies' College.

The new illustrated calendar of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, is just issued. It is exceptionally neat and complete. Across the outside cover is a double band of two shades of blue, representing the college colors, whilst the interior contains numerous cuts illustrating the college buildings and grounds. For some years the Ontario Ladies' College has been recognized as one of our most efficient and progressive institutions, with a large and increasing patronage, and a single glance at its staff, its course of study, its up-to-date equipment, its pleasant, healthful surroundings will reveal the secret of its popularity and success. The college stands for sound scholarship, physical health and that type of social culture that develops in a Christian atmosphere. The Rev. Dr. Hare has been principal of the college since its inauguration, twenty-seven years ago, and will be pleased to give further information to those who may desire it.

Looks Like Wisdom.

When in doubt go home. The jay carries his ignorance with complacency. You can never tell what will happen to a balloon.

Add whiskers to self-esteem and the case is hopeless. Husbands should be seen and not heard.—Mrs. Henry Peck.

Unless you are helping to make someone happy your life is a mistake. Patience, my friend, that's what you need; I know it, because I need it myself.

Ladies and gentlemen, what good are your ancestors if you are no good yourself? It is just as well to get out of the way of a bull, and few good results have been achieved by flaunting a red rag in the face of one. Bulls are designed to go ahead and man is designed to avoid them, for one man is frequently worth many bulls.

Common sense, my friend, makes the lawyer, the judge, the schoolmaster, the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the President of the United States or the errand boy. Common sense; and he who has it has the secret of what underlies all wisdom, no matter how mighty it may sound, or how it may be named.—*The Schoolmaster*.

New Kind of Loan.

William H. Rogers, cashier of the Nassau Bank, and one of the best-known men in banking circles in New York, says the New York "Times," tells the story of a customer who came to the bank and said he had just declined to make a "Kathleen Mavourneen" loan. In his long experience in banking Mr. Rogers had heard of many varieties of loans, but never one of this genus. So he asked what kind of a loan a "Kathleen Mavourneen" loan was.

"One of the sort that 'may be for years and may be forever.'"

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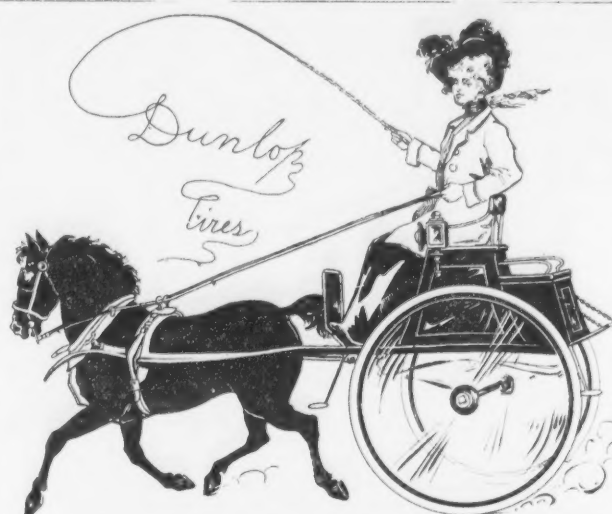
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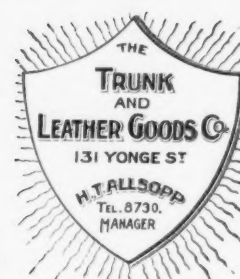
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2.30 p.m.—Sermon—Dr. Edwin A. Schell.
8.00 p.m.—Song Service by the children.

MONDAY, Aug. 5th

8.00 p.m.—Lecture—Dr. Edwin A. Schell.
Subject—The New Generation.

THURSDAY 8th, FRIDAY 9th, SATURDAY 10th

8.00 p.m.—Illustrated Lectures,
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SUBJECTS:

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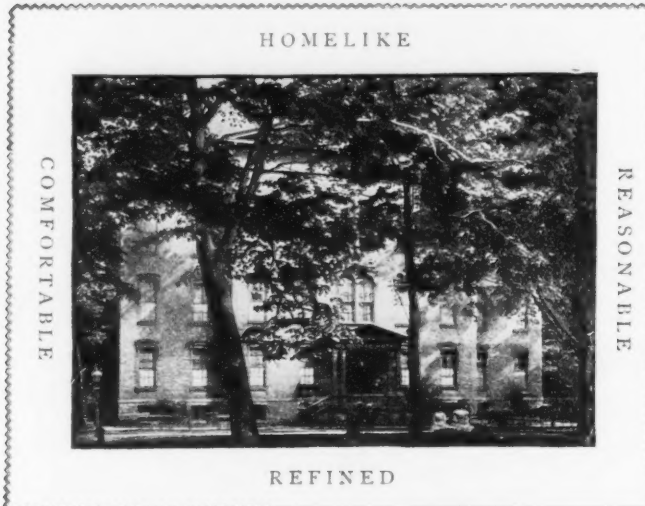
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The Kidnapped Millionaires

"Is ingenious in conception and brilliant in execution. There is no lapse of interest."

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Heraldry of the Indians.

PEOPLE in general have been content to look upon the Indian's adornment of his head with eagle feathers and his face with paint as marks of personal decoration inspired by vanity and in degree from what is sometimes witnessed among highly-civilized peoples. But the fact is that, in preference to the latter custom, for instance, every paint mark on an Indian's face has a sort of heraldic meaning, implying not only the honors won by the brave in person, but representing also the claims of his family and race to distinction. In other words, what is shown among more cultured communities by coats of arms, orders and decorations is depicted by the Indian on his face by means of pigments.

Scientists are now engaged, among other novel investigations concerning the North American Indian, in compiling a record of the armorial, or rather facial, bearings of certain celebrated chiefs, and it is said to be fascinating work. One renowned warrior, for instance, will have his lip painted a copper red. This is found to indicate that his tribe was once in possession of huge mines of copper. Another individual will have his forehead adorned with a painting of a certain fish, thus

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No. 108—Canvas, steel frames, linen lined, spring lock and catches..... \$3.00

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We letter your Case as desired and send it prepaid.

sible, for any but an expert to interpret the meanings of the pictorial representations. Thus an animal's ears are invariably depicted above the eyes on the human subject, the ears of the beaver being just above the eyebrows. On the cheeks are painted the paws in a position as though they were raised to the mouth in the manner conventional in Indian carvings.

The dogfish painted in red on the face designates the members of an entire tribe. On the foreheads of the members of this tribe is painted the long, thin snout; the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from each nostril. Only one or two parts of an animal painted on an Indian's face indicates that he is of inferior position; the entire symbol, no matter in what form presented, is significant of lofty station and high honors.

The facial heraldry of the Indian may be said to be unique, not alone in the method of representation employed, but in the subjects selected. These latter include fish, flesh and fowl of all descriptions—dog, salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, ravens, eagles, bears, wolves, frogs, are comprised in the armorial gallery.

Every object represented has its own particular significance, and one of the most peculiar phases of face painting relates to the employment of forms other than animal—tools, implements of the chase or of war, denoting the occupation of the individual or his tribe.—Washington "Times."

A Lawyer's Wit.

The New York "Commercial Advertiser" says that not long before his death, Henry W. Paine, one of the most brilliant American lawyers of his generation, became interested, as a matter of charity, in a case in which a lad of some fifteen years was charged with arson. Paine defended the boy and offered conclusive evidence that he was, to all practical purposes, an idiot and totally irresponsible. Nevertheless, the jury, after listening to a charge from the court, which was virtually an order for acquittal, brought in a verdict of guilty.

The presiding judge then addressed Paine.

"You will move for a new trial, I presume, Mr. Paine."

Paine rose with an air that was painful in its solemnity. "I thank your honor for your suggestion," he said, "but I am oppressed with the gravest doubts as to whether I have the right to move for a new trial in this case. Your honor, I have already asked for and have received for my idiot client the most precious heritage of our English and American common law—a trial by a jury of his peers."

The judge then ordered the verdict to be set aside.

Losses.

A German band, which had been engaged to play at Coney Island one afternoon, was given the privilege of roaming at will through the place after they had played a certain stipulated time. Accordingly, when their duty for the afternoon had been performed, the leader of the band gave each of the musicians a ticket back to New York, thinking it would be best to allow him to return any time they wished, and not to try to come back in a body. The bass drum artist, a corpulent old Teuton, wandered off by himself and proceeded to patronize all the various purveyors of cooling drinks he could find. Some blind instinct within led him down to the pier about sunset, and aboard the ferry. He curled himself up on a convenient pile of rope and was preparing to lose what little consciousness he still possessed, when the pursuer hit him on the back and asked for his ticket. The bass drum artist looked up into the pursuer's face and smiled, but made no reply. "Come, come," said the pursuer, "where's your ticket?" The German looked confused, and muttered something about not having any ticket. "You must have a ticket somewhere about your clothes," said the blue-coated official impatiently. The German insisted that he had not. "Look here, Dutchy, you couldn't have come aboard without a ticket. Look again." "Vull, I don't got him now. I guess I lose him." "Lose it? You couldn't lose it." "Not lost dot leedle ticket? VV, mein Gott, I lose mein bass drum."

The Wrong End.

An aged, gray-headed negro, mounted bareback upon an equally ancient-looking mule, whose ears flopped abjectly every step, was laboriously steering his weatherbeaten steed through the streets of an Arkansas town, when, coming opposite the post-office, he decided to stop and enquire for mail. After some manoeuvres resembling those of a sidewheel steamer, the old negro got the mule turned around and headed for a telephone post, but at this juncture progress was abruptly terminated by a dead back on the part of the mule; with ears rigidly pointed forward at the telephone post, he tilted farther and farther back at each dig of the negro's bare heels in his sides, until his legs stood at a perilous angle, and finally began to back. A group of men standing in the doorway of a store opposite saw the difficulty, and one of them, a prominent lawyer, called out: "Say, old man, you'll get there quicker if you head him the other way." "Dat's all right," was the ready answer, spoken in all sincerity and gravity; "but dis is de end what I wants to hitch." And the old negro resumed his argument with the mule.

Kitchener Liked by Soldiers.

A man who recently arrived from South Africa says that Kitchener is liked and trusted by his common soldiers, and tells, in the Boston "Herald," this story, illustrating his manner with them:

"We were on the march from Elandsfontein to Stromberg, and had been pushing forward with unusual speed, and Joe Hawkins, who had just come out of the hospital after a touch of the fever, had been assigned by our good old sergeant-major to drive a Cape cart carrying supplies, in order to spare him as much as possible from

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the hot sun. The horses were green, and didn't go well in harness, and, as they came in front of a farmhouse, one of them started kicking and succeeded in breaking the whiffletree.

"Joe at once made a break for the barn back of the farmhouse, and, spying a new Cape cart, grabbed a wrench and proceeded to take off the whiffletree, when he was approached by a quiet, stern-looking man in khaki, whom he did not remember ever having seen before, and who said:

"I'm sorry, my boy, but I've just

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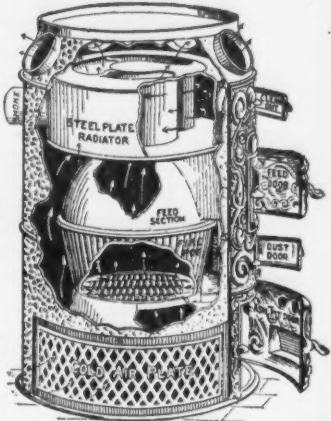
is a warm air furnace that we guarantee to give absolute satisfaction—with least trouble in management and very great economy in the use of fuel.

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578 Queen Street West.
Esplanade East, near Berkeley.
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Bathurst Street, opposite Front St.
369 Pape Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing.
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The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

commandeered that cart. You will have to find another."

"Not much," replied Joe; "findin' keepin' in this country. I needed a new whiffletree—I've found one and I'm goin' to keep it."

"But," commenced the man.

"There's no 'buts' about it," said Joe; "if you want this cart, you've got to whip me before you get it."

"Well," replied the man, "perhaps I could help you repair your cart without destroying this one."

Joe, who was naturally a good-natured chap, consented to this arrangement, and, after rummaging about for a few minutes, the man produced a stick which would answer the purpose fairly well. He held it in place while Joe tied it firmly, and, seeing that everything was all right, returned quietly to the house, after bidding Joe a pleasant good-day.

"Do you know who you were talking with?" inquired a young officer, stepping up to the cart as Joe was preparing to drive off. "That was Lord Kitchener of Khartoum!"

"And I've been glad all day I didn't have to lick him," concluded Joe, as he told the story in camp that night, "because he's a pretty good fellow."

Pointed Paragraphs.

The itinerant Spiritualist is a circulating medium.

Don't meet trouble half way; it isn't worth the trouble.

Charity gives itself rich and covetousness hoards itself poor.

It isn't always the clock with the loudest tick that keeps the best time.

A dentist finds work for his own teeth by depriving other people of theirs.

Some men are so sceptical that they refuse even to believe the report of a cannon.

The value of a man's advice depends upon the success he has achieved in following it.

If you want to see a light eater suddenly acquire an appetite just ask him to lunch with you.

A policeman, like a rainbow, is a token of peace, and both have a habit of appearing after the storm is over.

The man who looks wise as an owl when giving others advice is apt to make a fool of himself by not using some of it.

There is an element of success in every man, but he seldom gets it in operation until some smart woman begins to tread on his heels.—Chicago "News."

The Pessimist—Frailty, thy name is woman!
The Cynic—Yes, woman is invariably broke.—Brooklyn "Eagle."

Tit For Tat.

Spring Poet to Great Editor—Here are a few lines I dashed off hurriedly, for which I hope you will give me a cheque. Of course it may need a little touching up here and there, but you can fix it for the press.

Great Editor, who has seen poets before—Certainly, (writing), certainly, now there you are: there's your cheque for a good round sum.

Poet—But excuse me, you forgot

to sign it.

Great Editor—Oh, no, I didn't: it's a cheque, all right; I dashed it off hurriedly, and it may need touching up here and there, but then you can fix it at the bank. James, show this gentleman the elevator.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Burns—July 27th, Mrs. Geo. H. Burns, Toronto, a daughter.
Smith—July 27th, the wife of the Rev. T. Beverley Smith, Toronto, a son.
Murray—July 21st, Mrs. G. W. Murray, Windsor, a daughter.
Tardif—July 24th, Mrs. C. A. Tardif, Ottawa, a daughter.
Acland—July 24th, Mrs. F. A. Acland, Toronto, a daughter.
Kyles—July 25th, Mrs. John Kyles, Toronto, twin boys.
Smith—July 20th, Mrs. Archibald Smith, Toronto, a daughter.
Skay—July 25th, Mrs. Wm. Russell Skay, at Toronto, a daughter.
Laker—July 25th, wife of Rev. E. C. Laker, Toronto, a son.
Cringan—July 31st, Mrs. A. T. Cringan, Toronto, a daughter.
Hinds—July 26th, Mrs. W. G. Hinds, at Stratford, a son.
Duncan—July 26th, Mrs. Gordon Guthrie Duncan, Brantford, a son.

Marriages.

Cornwell—Mossington—July 24th, at Toronto, Monroe J. Cornwell to Eva J. Mossington.
Cox—Forbes—July 24th, at Toronto, William Edwin Cox, of St. Thomas, to Margaret Forbes.
Lee—Miller—At Toronto, Robert Lee to Mary Irene Miller.
Stevenson—Rackham—July 24th, at Peterborough, Alan Francis Stevenson to Mamie D. Rackham.
Winnett—Forbes—July 23rd, at Toronto, Walter Frederick Winnett to Annie Cecilia Forbes.
Sanderson—Collins—July 27, at Toronto, W. J. Sanderson to Isabel Collins.
Hunt—Harmer—July 31st, at Toronto, Theodore Hunt to Edith Clara Harmer.
Thorner—Mitchell—At Toronto, Herbert Thorner to Violet Mitchell.
Rhodes—Warden—July 27th, at Buffalo, Albert Victor Rhodes to Nora Warden.
Verrall—Belcher—July 27th, at Toronto, Edward Henry Verrall to Minnie Olive Belcher.

Deaths.

Abbott—July 24th, at Toronto, Moses Frederick Abbott.
Cummer—July 8, at Cleveland, John Cummer, in his 80th year.
Christie—July 25th, at London, Margaret Christie.
Macdonald—July 26th, at Toronto, Maggie Macdonald.
King—July 27th, at Barrie, Robert King, Sr., in his 80th year.
Bishop—July 24th, at Brantford, Edwin H. Bishop, M.D., of Geneva, N.Y.
Wright—July 25th, at Toronto, George Wright, in his 83rd year.
Thompson—July 26th, at Barrie, Saphronia M. Thompson, in her 62nd year.
McDonald—July 18th, at Oro, Hugh McDonald, aged 8 years.
Suan—July 31st, at Toronto, Annie Suan.
Bridgland—July 27th, at Toronto, Albert C. Bridgland, D.D.S., in his 26th year.
Johnston—July 27th, at Toronto, Eva M. Johnston, aged 22 years.

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